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JEANNE D'ARC AT VAUCOULEURS*

(A Romantic Drama for the stage)

By Will Hutchins

To M. C. W.

Author's Apology

TO venture a new treatment of an old theme is always a matter for apology, both in the older sense of the term and in its popular sense. The venture should be supposed to imply either a fresh contribution of subject-matter, or of form of presentation, or both. While there is nothing new in the world, there are endless possible new combinations of old things which may perhaps lay claim to a modest degree of novelty. The present play aspires to no higher claim.

In so far as matter is concerned, there has been from the days of the mystery plays which followed the apotheosis of the Maid of France in popular esteem, a constant output of dramatic literature, great and small, which has essayed the response to the challenge of the most heroic, the most romantic, and the most tragic career of all the centuries which have followed the first. There have been two dramatic motives in the life of Jeanne, whose appeal have been almost universal. The romantic motive has tried to build itself about the peasant girl of Domremy,— a pastoral Jeanne,— sun-steeped in body and rather moon-blanched in spirit. The dramatic element was not lacking at Domremy, it is true, but it was not the drama which a fond imagination presents to fancy. The tragic motive, which finds its invariable climax at the Rouen martyrdom, is nearer to history, but, unfortunately, impossibly removed from the realm of a practical dramatic art, unless, indeed, that art returns to principles of dramatic construction which are at variance with our accepted traditions. Of that, anon.

Between these two extremes of Jeanne's career, with remnants of the

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one and forebodings of the other, there lies the period of her actual achievement. Her ascendant career was full to repletion of drama. The meeting with the Dauphin, the siege of Orleans, the triumphant coronation at Rheims, — all these have been the loadstones of dramatic effort. But they all suffer from a common limitation; they are hopelessly spectacular.

The great lesson of the difference between the drama and the spectacle was learned thoroughly by the only generation of dramatists who ever put the drama onto an unexceptionable plane of moral and artistic dignity,— the Attic tragic poets. The same lesson was unlearned equally well by the poets of the English Renaissance. To this false tradition we are native, and it is small wonder that the great public, that looming monster of unthinkable proportions and terrible mien, prefers the acrobat to the tragedian, for the spacious days of great Elizabeth have bequeathed to us a perfect Pandora box of excursions and alarms, but only one Hamlet.

If we would avoid, then, the apocalyptic Jeanne, we must focus on her at some other point. We must remember that she must still be regarded as quite human, even if she typifies, as she does, the race of supermen. Above all, she must be personal, and her personality must be so set that the setting shall not obscure the gem. At Vaucouleurs Jeanne was still the peasant girl. The home ties were still real. Her career was still before her. And yet, in her conquest of Robert de Baudricourt and Jean de Metz, she not only gave promise of the conquest of Charles VII and the French army, — she achieved an equal victory. The difference is hardly one of degree, even. Vaucouleurs, for the dramatist, is not only the epitome of France: it is France. But, considering Vaucouleurs as the epitome of France, we are acting in harmony with a sound principle of art. For the drama is the epitome of life and history, not — emphatically not — its mirror.

Another aspect of Jeanne as dramatic material recalls again the Attic tragedy; for, almost literally, her story has no love motive. She was no ascetic; she was healthy and sane, physically and mentally. Her abnormalities were her most prominent feature; yes, but they were an excess of sanity, not a lack of it. Her heart was set on service, and in order to serve she gladly took every means of insuring a maximum efficiency. Now, the love motive is the all but *sine qua non* of the Renaissance and modern drama. Without going into the musty atmosphere of academic theories on the subject, it is safe to say that the Greek drama includes a complete latitude of precedent in the matter. Antigone and Phedra are the extremes beyond which no one could or would go, and Antigone was more in love than Jeanne ever was. The contention which Aristophanes framed so cleverly for Æschylus could have found no more perfect embodiment in specific application

than Jeanne as a tragic heroine. Can a play which reverts to the sterner principles of the older drama be written sympathetically in our day? Two of the most notable plays of the present justify an emphatic affirmative. Mr. William Vaughn Moody's *The Faith Healer* is an excellent and signal example of a play, strictly contemporary in manner and theme, in which the love motive is reduced to a minimum of quantity and raised to a great dignity of reserve in quality. *The Servant in the House*, by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, perhaps the most hopeful shoot on all the dry branch of the English drama, is an even more convincing triumph of the possibilities of a subject-matter which does not include the conventional motive in any of its essential aspects. That both of these plays are signal examples of the return to Greek principles of composition is significant.

So matter brings us to form once more. Every attempt to found a dramatic practice on formulæ or dogmas is, of course, foredoomed to failure. "Greek form," the formulæ of mechanism, for the most part external, has filled the centuries with the dry bones of those who drank at the source, but not deep enough. On the other hand, who shall number the victims of the Juggernaut we call the stage, whose insatiable demand for playwrights always postulates an apprenticeship in the school of vicious practice as a guarantee of stage craft? Meanwhile the greatest modern technician of the drama was graduated from a country store in an obscure corner of Europe. There are eternal and valid principles in the drama, and they can be induced and applied, and even formulated, provided always that the currents of life are allowed to flow in channels which at least simulate nature. Every serious attempt will have at least the fruition of a good conscience, if only those channels are kept open.

The debated formulæ of unity are a case in point. It is no fetish of tradition which brings back ever and again the Greek law of unity in time and place. Rather, it is the very reverse. Unity is only another name for organic coherence and vitality, and has its sure reward in a cumulative power which is unmistakable. The winter sun will not melt ice at mid-day, however clear and bright it may be. But focus it with even an imperfect lens, and you have a conflagration. Again, the drama is a lens and not a mirror.

Action, then, may be justly and legitimately adapted from history without violence to the inner truth of detached facts. In order to conserve the principle of continuity of action, which is the unity of time, it is worth while to condense and focus the significant fragments of circumstantial actuality. To present the drama of history is not, and cannot be, the function of the historian; nor is it the function of the dramatist to perpetuate the irrelevant facts of history.

As for the unity of place, well, there is another problem in the incalculable. The ' practical ' manager gambles — there is no other word for it — in acres of painted ' effects,' while the drama shivers without. They do those things better — not, this time, in France — in the simple outdoor theater below the Acropolis, in plain sight of all that is most sacred to the city. There the management can afford a little luxury,— solid marble, say, and a setting which is actually real(!). Because the gambling is eliminated, to make room for an actual and fair competition in the drama, there can be practical management.

Robert de Baudricourt was, in 1429, well on in the height of his career as a big man in a small place. Twice married, to his great financial advantage, he was enabled to realize the position of command to which his gifts entitled him. He is a refreshing figure in the story of the times, for he has neither the weakness nor the treachery which had brought France to her then deplorable state.

Jean de Metz was twenty-seven or thirty,— a hale and hearty soldier whose one distinction hitherto, aside from his prowess in arms, had been his proficiency in verbiage,— for he had, on one occasion, been fined two sols(!) for profanity.

Jean's friend and companion, Bertrand de Poulangy, was about thirty-five. He seems to have been of a contemplative turn of mind, not altogether in keeping with his profession of arms. Both Jean and Bertrand were men of some birth and position, although both were serving in humble capacities in the garrison at Vaucouleurs. Bertrand had known Jeanne and her family at Domremy.

Durand Lassois was the husband of an older cousin of Jeanne's. He was a small farmer or herdsman of Petit Burey, a small hamlet between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. He was enough older than Jeanne to explain her calling him familiarly ' uncle.'

Jeanne herself was, at this time, about seventeen years old. She was, to all appearances, a robust country girl, well grown, tall and strong. She had practiced no ascetic disciplines beyond her simple vow of chastity,— to hold during the period of her unique service. Her manner was frank without being forward. She wore a simple peasant's dress of red, with no other adornment, perhaps, than a heavy gold ring inscribed JESUS MARIA, given her by her parents as a charm. At the time of her first audience with the Dauphin, she wore a black doublet, a gray tunic, a black cap, boy's breeches, or long hose, and hair cut short. She must have left Vaucouleurs in just that costume.

'Elle est plaisante en faits et dits,
Belle et blanche comme la rose.'

SCENE: *Interior of the cottage of* HENRI *and* CATHERINE LE ROYER *at Vaucouleurs, a small fortified town in the valley of the Meuse, not far from Domremy.*

TIME: *Afternoon of February* 23, 1429.

PERSONS

ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT, Captain of Vaucouleurs.
JEAN FOURNIER, Curé of Vaucouleurs.
JEAN DE METZ, BERTRAND DE POULANGY, men-at-arms.
DURAND LASSOIS, kinsman to Jeanne.
HENRI LE ROYER, a burgher.
CATHERINE LE ROYER, his wife.
A little maidservant,
and
JEANNE D'ARC.

SCENE I. DARKNESS

The curtain discloses a room of simple comfort. On the right is a large open fireplace, hooded and capacious. On the left is a door leading to an inner room. Directly in the center of the rear of the stage is a door leading to the street. The one conspicuous object in the room is the Crucifix which hangs on the rear wall. The furniture is simple and substantial, and most of it appears to be of home manufacture. A suggestion of wood-carving here and there is the only attempt in decoration, for the room is that of people who have not yet fallen a prey to extraneous ornament.

CATHERINE LE ROYER *is at work spinning. The little maid is brushing the hearth with a coarse birch broom.* CATHERINE *hums a hymn as she works. At length the maid speaks with some little hesitation.*

Maid.— Mistress,—
Catherine.— Well, now what is it?
Maid.— You're so kind,—
You will not chide me for an idle thought?
Catherine.— An idle thought?
Maid.— Well, not so idle, neither;
My hands were busy, and I thought of work.
Catherine.— You thought of work?
Maid.— Yes, of all kinds of work.

You always work; you spin and sew and bake,
While Master brings the corn and feeds the calves,
Builds great stone walls about the town, and talks
Of many things. Good Father Jean says Mass
And cheers the sick folk. 'Sieur Robert,— even he
Is ever busied with the garrison
And paces night and day his battlements
Like a great watch-hound.

Catherine.— We have need of him.

Maid.— Even I can wash the plates and clear the hearth,
And I can spin,— and I can make good bread.
I am not idle.

Catherine.— You're a chatterbox.

Maid.— But, Mistress, I — I — wonder of these folk
Who stay with us. Have they no work to do?

Catherine.— Jeanne spins. I would that you spun half so well.

Maid.— Yes,— but she sits again, and never moves
A finger,— just as if asleep,— but still
Her eyes are open wide,— they're wide as day.
And Master Lassois, too, has he no work?
Has he no cows to milk, no little ones
To keep?

Catherine.— Hush, child! You must not judge your elders.

Maid.— I know, they pray much at the church. That's good.

Catherine.— Yes, good. For they have need of prayer; and you
And I no less. For there are greater works
Than these you see, child. France is to be saved.
Who knows but you, one day,— a woman then,—
Shall say: 'I too helped— for I served Jeanne d'Arc'?

Maid.— To save France? I? But Master says she's foolish.
'A foolish girl,' he said this very morning.

Catherine.— I've told you not to question Master's word.
(*A heavy step is heard outside.*)
And here, methinks, he is.

(HENRI LE ROYER *enters with a bundle of faggots which he deposits in a corner of the hearth.* CATHERINE *motions to the maid, who goes to the inner room, but turns with an inquiring look at the door.*)

Catherine.— Safe home, good man?

Henri.—(*Throwing back his head and shoulders, nods.*)
A curse on all Burgundian swine, I say!

There's scarce a splinter left in the whole valley!
Four-legged swine root up the acorns, aye.
But these would root the oak trees of Lorraine,
If they had time. Oh, they are not content
With burning villages, and murdering men,
And raping women; they are swine indeed!
They glut their bellies to the smallest kernel:
They' ve burnt our woodpiles.

Catherine.— But the town was saved.

Henri.— Oh, yes, the town was saved. We beat 'em off!
Robert de Baudricourt can ring their snouts!

Catherine.— We thank God for the comfort that is left.
Think of our neighbors of Domremy. They
Had not a single roof to shelter them.

Henri.— They saved some cattle, though. But who can tell
Where the next blow will fall? Our walls are strong,
We've bread and water. But who knows the end?
England and Burgundy have more of both.
Orleans has found that out ere now.

Catherine.— The King,—
Has any messenger come through to-day?

Henri.— No, nor will any come.

Catherine.— Does he forget us?
Few towns are true to him as Vaucouleurs.

Henri.— Aye, true to the King! A noble King!
A sickly boy, too old for childish weakness,
Nor yet half grown a man,— nor ever will be!
What help can France rely upon from him?
A marriage bond with that Scotch baby! Aye,
A noble stroke! That will beat back the hordes
Of wolves that batten on us, will it not?
About the same time this demented girl
Shall crown the King at Rheims,— and not before!
(*He paces the room nervously.*)

Catherine.— Henri, she has such faith; she is so sure!
Only two hours ago St. Michael came —
Would I could see him!— but he came, she swore it,—
And promised that the King — ere mi-carême
Should welcome her,— that he should surely take
The crown from her at Rheims,— that Orleans

Should be delivered. Could you have been here,—
Could you have seen the light but in her eyes! —
It seemed I almost heard the voices, too.
Henri,——

Henri.— Catherine,— oh, you will not hear me!
Your head is turned like hers. The others say,—
I do not say it, mind you, but they say,——

Catherine.— Who?

Henri.— You know that — everybody says it,—
They say the same thing,— say she has a devil,—
She is the devil. Can they all be wrong?

Catherine.— More wrong than she can be! She has lived here
As one of us; we know her as she is.
We know her pure.

Henri.— And simple.

Catherine.— Does she not
Confess each morning, take the blessed Lord,
And cling to Mary's altar? Oh, they're wrong!

Henri.— But my Catherine, will that alone suffice
To prove her claim? The greatest kings and lords,—
Captains and wise men,— they have done these things.
Do they beat England back? For all we know
Bedford himself receives the Sacrament
As much as she, or any one in France.
Have not the English priests as well as we?
And Burgundy? Hell take them! What of that? —
Will you put faith in dreams?

Catherine.— I put my faith
In God's appointed means ——

Henri.— And you do well!
For God's appointed means to beat the English
Are men, good fighting men! If I were there
Or men like me! Robert de Baudricourt,—
A general like him! Such men as we!
Their Agincourt should run once more with blood,—
Their own, this time! Till then — till then —

Catherine.— Henri,
Jeanne is with 'Sieur Robert even at this moment!

Henri.— Jeanne is with 'Sieur Robert? Jeanne is with him?

Catherine.— Aye, 'twas the vision bade her go. She went.

Henri.— Jeanne gone to 'Sieur Robert? What, to the Castle?
Catherine.— Aye, to the Castle. Friend Durand went with her.
Henri.— Ah, Friend Durand! Time was he was a man,
A herder of good cattle and a man.
Now he too follows visions. Who will tend
His cattle now?
Catherine.— Who will save France?
Henri.— Not he!
Nor any like him! She has turned his head
And made a fool of him. Take care that you ——
Catherine.— You know just how he comes to follow her.
Oh, he pretends to bring her, but he follows.
She nursed his wife at childbirth, and he says
Strength flowed from her, strange power as from God.
Henri.— Aye, so he says. And still I say, Catherine,
'Tis one thing even so to raise from travail
A herdsman's wife: 'tis quite another thing
To raise the siege at Orleans. Baudricourt
Will be much moved by nursing!
Catherine.— She will not
Advance that argument with him. 'Twill be
The visions. She must make him credit them.
Henri.—Which he will never do,— I tell you, never!
Nay, nay, the Captain is no man of visions.
His visions come on thundering hooves, in iron,
All iron, flame, and sword; they grip cold steel
To make it hot with blows till blood shall cool it.
His voices shriek like fiends in hell. D' you think
That he will listen to Jeanne's baby dreams?
I'll call them baby dreams, if nothing worse.
Durand was a fool to take her to the castle.
He'll get himself distrusted, and the girl
Will be the worse for it. Lucky for her
If she escape the witches' dungeon. Nay,
I know the Captain.
Catherine.— We cannot forsake her.
Henri.— Think you we can afford to brave the wrath
Of Baudricourt? Come, have you thought of that?
Catherine.— It may not come to that; you cannot tell.
She may have won him over.

Henri.— Won him over?
Aye, and he may have thrown her from the gates.
Women enough, he'll say, have marred the fate
Of France already; should a peasant girl,
A sotted peasant girl, from Lord-knows-where,
Be added to the list? He has one use
For women: let them help in the defense:—
Wealth to be spent in walling Vaucouleurs:
That's the demand he makes. Money, not dreams,
And sturdy fighting sons, not angel voices!
He'll ask her for men children!
Catherine.— If he does,
The poor child will be broken-hearted.
Henri.— Aye,
Perhaps she will. And what of that? Is she
Exempt from human ills? Let her go home,
Where she belongs. Why should we be disturbed
By her?
Catherine.— Are you disturbed?
Henri.— I am not — yet.
(*A pause.*)
Well, they can hardly stay the afternoon.
Soon we shall see.
Catherine.— Aye, we shall see indeed.

(CATHERINE *turns to her spinning again. Henri sits dejectedly before the fire. She hums cheerfully. He rises, turns the hourglass, and sits again. At length a slow step is heard outside.* CATHERINE *stops her wheel.* HENRI *raises his head.* DURAND LASSOIS *opens the door and enters, slowly, with eyes downcast.* CATHERINE *rises to meet him. He raises his hand and shakes his head.*)

Catherine.— Alone? And where is Jeanne?
Durand.— Oh, Jeanne is — safe.
She's praying at the church. Poor girl, she needs it!
Catherine.— The 'Sieur de Baudricourt, and did he ——?
Durand.— Nay
I'll tell it all; there's little enough to tell.
Henri.— Quite so! The Captain was not moved with dreams.
I thought as much.
Catherine.— Nay, Henri, hear the tale.
Come, friend Durand!

(DURAND *sits wearily on the low stool which she places before the fire.* HENRI *sits down at left front.*)

Catherine.— How went the interview?

Durand.— Well, 'twas this way. Jeanne would go, first of all,
To pray. So first we turned us to the church,
And prayed at Mary's altar. Oh, it seemed
That Jeanne herself was like a burning candle,
A precious candle, tall and fair, of wax,—
Burning in one consuming flame. The light
Was in her eyes; they burned like evening stars,
The low-hung stars of seedtime, when the night
Longs for the day. Then, with no word, she turned
And left the place. We climbed the crooked street
Up to the castle gate. She saw no man,
Nor any passing thing. Nay,— once she turned,
Looked in my eyes, smiled, pressed my hand,— then on
She flew, more flew than walked, for all the steepness.
The outer guard were swarming at the gate.
As we drew near they stirred themselves. One called:
'Ho, 'tis the devil-maiden!' Then they laughed
And asked us what we would. I also heard
Things which I will not tell.

Catherine.— Did Jeanne take note?

Durand.— No whit. It was as if she had not heard.
Well, as I asked for Baudricourt, out came
Young Bertrand de Poulangy, stilled their jeers,
And asked our errand. Could we see the captain?
Aye, surely. So he led us straightway in,
Up through the rock-hewn walls, past men-at-arms,
Up to the great hall. There the captain stood.

Catherine.— Alone?

Durand.— Bertrand was there. I saw none other.
'My Captain,' said he, 'here is come Lassois,
Lassois of Petit Burey. He brings to you
The daughter of Jacques d'Arc, dean of Domremy,
Jacques d'Arc who came to you two years ago
About the payment of protection fees
Secured by Poignant to the Damoiseau.'
'Aye,' said the Captain, 'aye, a solid man.
Why sends he here the girl? He has strong sons

To come for him.' 'Nay, my Lord Baudricourt,'
Said I, 'He sends her not. I bring her here
To plead a cause with you.' Then he broke in:
'A cause with me? I am no parish priest.
Men plead with me; not girls. Has any one
Of my watch dogs, these lusty brutes of mine,
Been slipping leash? Come you for that? They know
I keep them to protect the land, not spoil it.
Your cause, girl, come!'
Then Jeanne stepped forth, one step,
One single step, raised both her hands to him,
And told her errand: — how the voices came,
How France was to be saved, how the poor King
Was to be crowned by her, how she must go
To him at once,— Chinon must first be reached,—
She must have convoy thither.

Catherine.— Told she this
With stammering? Was she afraid? Say!
Durand.— Nay!
Her words came like the ripened fruit which yields
To the first touch.
Henri.— And Baudricourt, the while?
Durand.— The calm before the storm. Stock still he stood,
Arms folded, his great eyebrows knit and gnarled,
His iron jaw set like a wolf-trap sprung,—
Till she demanded convoy,— then, ah then,
The storm broke.
Catherine.— He abused her?
Durand.— All at once
Her voice was drowned in his great grinding words:
'Silence, you sotted girl! Think you the King,
The King, nay think you I, his loyal vassal,
Will risk France,— what is left of her,— to you?
You're mad, stark mad!' Turning to me, 'Lassois,
Give her a good sound beating! Do you hear?
Cudgels are good for demons such as these.
No use to waste exorcisms on her!
To-morrow, take her to her father's house!
And now, begone!

Catherine.— And Jeanne, what did she then?
Henri.— What could she do?
Durand.— Like an affrighted bird
Whose song is broken by the thunder, Jeanne
Swayed to the storm a minute, drooped her head,
Trembled, upraised her hands to him again,
Dropped them, and clung to me. . . . .
So out we came,
Crushed, where in faith we entered. Once again
The jeers hissed out, and once again Bertrand
Brought silence with a word; but Jeanne heard not.
Her eyes were tear dimmed and her ears still rang
With that great clang of doom. So, down we came,
Down to the church. Her stumbling feet, she said,
Could go no further; I must leave her there,
And come to you.
Catherine.— Why, I must go to her!
(*She throws a cloak about her shoulders.* HENRI *springs up.*)
Henri.— You'll not, I trust, forget the Captain's words!
Remember, Durand, he is commander here.
Durand.— You think I'll beat her? (*He smiles sadly.*)
Henri.— You must take her home!
Catherine.— Henri, that is to-morrow. Who can tell?
Henri.— I can, for one! We will not mutiny
Against the Captain!
Catherine.— But the will of God?
(*She opens the door to go out, but starts back at the sight of* JEANNE *about to enter.* JEANNE *crosses the threshold with infinite weariness.* CATHERINE *takes her in her arms, kisses her, removes her cloak, and helps her to a seat.*)
Catherine.— Come, dear, and rest yourself.
(*She kneels beside* JEANNE, *caressing her in motherly fashion.* JEANNE *seems not unconscious of her love, but is quite oblivious of everything else about. After a pause* HENRI *starts somewhat awkwardly, seeking an escape from the immediate situation.*)
Henri.— Well, there is work
For sober men to do.
Durand.— Can I help you?
Henri.— Come, if you will.
(HENRI *goes out with more ostentation than is necessary.* DURAND *starts to follow, but turns first to* CATHERINE.)

Durand.— You,— you can comfort her.
I have no words.

(*He follows* HENRI, *closing the door very softly after himself.* CATHERINE *turns to* JEANNE, *who at length smiles sadly at her and responds to her caress.*)

Jeanne.— He told you?
Catherine.— Everything.
Now, dear, we are alone, and you can rest.
(*A pause.*)
Jeanne.— I hope good Uncle Durand may not reap
More bitter fruits from this. He's been so kind!
Catherine.— The good man has no thought but for your mission.
No one will harm him.
Jeanne.— He was told to beat me.
Catherine, must I go home?
Catherine.— Nay, who can tell?
Surely our Lord will not desert you here,—
Here at the hour of promise.
Jeanne.— 'Twas a promise!
The promise that ere mi-carême I should
Be with the Dauphin at Chinon,— that I
Should crown him King at Rheims. Tell me, Catherine,
You do not doubt it?
Catherine.— Doubt it? Nay, my Jeanne!
It is the promise of the living God!
Jeanne.— It is the prophecy to us foretold:
'France, by a woman ruined, shall be saved
By a virgin from the marches of Lorraine.'
A virgin from Lorraine,— 'tis I; 'tis I!
I am the one foretold! Have they not told me,—
The angel ministers of God,— sworn it to be? —
And now,— and now,——
Catherine.— Nay, Jeanne, we cannot see
The ways of God. His blessed saints are not
The ministers of Baudricourt.
Jeanne.— They will—
They must support me! — How I love you, dear!
You are so good to me,— the only friend
Whose faith is kin to mine.
Catherine.— I am your friend.

There, dear, now rest you. We must wait for God.
Jeanne.— Wait, while the Dauphin yields before the storm
Of Englishmen? Rest? Rest? I cannot rest!
I cannot rest; I must set off to him!
Nay, dearest, let me go! I'll go on foot,—
I'll beat my way to him!
Catherine.— Nay, nay, Jeanne,— wait!
Jeanne.— 'Tis my commission! God has given me
The banner of Lord Christ and of His France!
To-morrow Baudricourt will force me back,—
Back to Domremy! There I will not go!
I cannot turn back now, Catherine! I cannot!
I must not!— God will keep me! Let me go!
St. Michael will attend me. He is strong,—
Stronger than Baudricourt! Nay, let me go!
It is God's will!
Catherine.— I cannot let you go.
God will provide a way. He will! He will!
Wait for the clearer vision.
Jeanne.— My Catherine,
You will not let me be forced back? You promise?
You'll help me?
Catherine.— In the name of God, I will!
Now rest you, dear. Sit still. Sit still awhile,
Till God's high saints shall make the vision clear.
Rest,— rest awhile.

(*A pause.* JEANNE *is silent but not quieted.* CATHERINE *strokes her hair tenderly. At length* JEANNE *relaxes into a quieter tone.*)

Jeanne.— Catherine, I trust in you.
You know I had a sister once, Catherine —
Like you. You're more than any sister,— more;
You are the mother of my soul. Catherine,
You know I'm sure the Blessed Queen of Heaven,
Mary, the Mother of Lord Christ, loves you.
She must love you! She was a mother, too.
Catherine.— I never had a child.
Jeanne.— My own poor mother,—
She has opposed me bitterly; each step
She fought my mission. To return to her?
Oh, but I cannot!

Catherine.— Dear, you shall go on!
Jeanne.— My father was against me. They conspired
To force me into marriage. Oh, you know.
I've told you all the story.
Catherine.— Yes, I know.
You must forget all that.
Jeanne.— Aye,— so I must.
Now I have you, the mother of my soul.
Catherine.— I am your friend; so are the saints of God.
Surely you can abide the promised time.
Now you must rest.

(*A pause.* JEANNE *grows perceptibly more quiet. The maid peeps in cautiously at the inner door, and advances timidly.* CATHERINE *does not forbid her, and she comes close to* JEANNE, *who does not see her at first, but, on seeing her, smiles wearily and holds out a hand to her.*)

Catherine.— I'm going to leave you here,
Just for a little, while I do an errand.
Jeanne.— And may I not go with you?
Catherine.— Better not.
'Tis but a nearby call. I'm only going
To comfort Mother Isabelle.
Jeanne.— How good
You are! You're good to every one!
Maid.— May I
Go with you?
Catherine.— Nay, you must stay here awhile,
And talk to Jeanne.
Maid.— What shall I say to her?
Jeanne.— You'll tell me all that you have done to-day.
Catherine.— Then, you may put some fresh loaves in a basket,
And take them to your mother. She must see
What bread you make.
Jeanne.— Such good bread, is it not!
Maid.— I'm glad you like it. I have only learned.
Can you make bread?
Catherine.— Now be good, both of you!
I'll not be long. (*She goes out.*)
Jeanne (*dreamily*).— What was your question, child?
Maid.— I asked if you could make bread. Can you?
Jeanne.— Aye,

I can make bread.
Maid.— And do you like to make it?
Jeanne.— I'd liefer spin,— or — do — some — other — thing.
Maid.— What — other thing?
Jeanne.— Something I have to do.
Tell me, who is this Mother Isabelle?
Maid.— A poor old woman. What makes you ask that?
Jeanne.— 'Tis my own mother's name.
Maid.— Your mother's name?
What is your mother like?
Jeanne.— Oh, she — is like —
Like — many other mothers. She's not willing
To have her children leave her.
Maid.— Do they leave her?
My mother likes to have me live up here,
There are so many of us. But I go
To see her every day.
Jeanne.— Yes, that is right.
Maid.— When did you see your mother? Is it long
Since you have seen her?
Jeanne.— Aye, 'tis very long.
Maid.— And will you see her soon? When you go home
You'll see her, will you not?
Jeanne.— When — I — go — home?
Yes, child,— when — I — go —home. When — I — go — home ——
Maid.— When are you going home?
Jeanne.— Child, I don't know.
Maid.— Will you stay here? I like to have you here.
And mistress loves you, too,— and you love her.
Jeanne.— Aye, so I do. You must be good to her!
Child, do you hear? You must be good to her!
She is the very best friend in the world.
Maid.— You don't think she is better than a mother?
Jeanne.— Nay,— child,— I — don't ——
Maid.— Have you a little sister?
Jeanne.— I had one. You must be a sister to me.
Maid.— A sister? I? And may I call you Jeanne?
Jeanne.— Yes, dear. Now run along!
Maid.— You'll not be lonesome?

Jeanne.— No. I must think.
Maid.— What must you think about?
(*She goes to* JEANNE *and throws her arms about her neck.*)
Jeanne, will you tell me? I heard mistress say
That you would save France. Jeanne, how can you do it?
Will you go fight with men?
Jeanne.— Aye, child, I will,
Maid.— How can you do it? Won't you be afraid?
Jeanne.— I don't think so.
Maid.— And will you see the King?
The King, in robes,— a gold crown on his head,—
And all the court,— see the fine ladies there.
Great ladies, all in silk? Will it be gay?
Will it be like a wedding at the castle?
Will it be like a wedding every day?
Will they be glad to see you? Tell me, Jeanne!
Jeanne.— I — do — not — know. But you must run along.
(*The little maid goes reluctantly, gets a basket, puts a fair clean cloth in it very neatly, and carefully puts in two loaves of fresh bread. Then she puts on a cape with a hood and takes the basket in her hand, but puts it down again and comes wistfully back to* JEANNE *and puts her arms about her.* JEANNE *returns the caress and kisses her.*)
Jeanne.— Good little sister mine!
Maid.— Good bye, dear Jeanne!
Jeanne.— Good bye!
(*The child goes out very gravely, turning in the door to look wonderingly at* JEANNE, *who is already lost in brooding. A pause.* JEANNE *continues to stare fixedly into space. She cannot relax. She moves nervously, then holds herself rigid by an act of will. At length she breaks out:*)

I cannot rest! I cannot rest!
How can I rest? It is the will of God!
I must go on! I cannot disobey!
. . . . . .
A virgin from the marches of Lorraine
. . . . . .
A virgin from the marches of Lorraine —
I am that virgin:— it is prophesied!
God's blessed saints have given me their seal!
I am that virgin! —
God will not desert me!

(*She rises with a hunted look.*)

. . . . . .

I must escape to-night!— Uncle Durand
To-morrow will be forced to take me back, —
Back to Domremy. There I will not go!
I can steal out alone. They must not see me. —
It will be dark. No one will see me go. —
I cannot wait.

. . . . . .

(*Dreamily.*) Ere mi-carême the Dauphin
Shall welcome me as his deliverer.
He shall be crowned by me — by me — at Rheims —
Ere mi-carême,— there is no time to lose!
Orleans must be delivered! Orleans —
The city is sore pressed. Ten days ago
Seigneur d'Orval and that Scotch constable
Were beaten at Rouvray,— were overthrown —
There is no help. Orleans cannot be saved
Till God shall bring me there.
Aye, so he said,
Blessed St. Michael, God's high warrior,—
His very words,— till God shall bring me there.

. . . . . .

It is so far! . . . The Dauphin at Chinon
Awaits me — 'waits me.— I must reach Chinon!
I'll find my way. St. Michael will attend me.
God will not let me lose my way.
. . . . . Chinon—

(*Staring abstractly before her, she looks about the room, seeing nothing until her gaze falls on the Crucifix. Fascinated, she goes towards it, falls on her knees, and is lost in passionate prayer.*)

Slow Curtain

Scene II

Dawn

(*The curtain discloses* Jeanne, *who has been kneeling in an agony of prayer, sunken, exhausted under the Crucifix, with head bowed almost to the floor, and tightly clasped hands extended before her. After a time a violent battering resounds from the outer door, and the voice of* Jean de Metz *thunders:*

Jean.— Henri! Henri! le Royer! Hey! where are you?
Come, open! What the devil do you mean?

(JEAN *pushes open the door and bursts like a thunder bolt into the room, without seeing* JEANNE, *who is roused by the violence of his entrance.*)

Jean.— Henri le Royer! Where the devil are you?
God's Blood! You'll pay for this when Baudricourt ——

(JEANNE *is just rising in evident alarm as* JEAN *perceives her.*)

Ho! 'Tis the devil maiden! By the Rood!
And all alone! . . . . Alone! . . . . See here, you witch,
Tell me; where's old le Royer?

Jeanne.— I don't know.

Jean.— You don't know, hey? I'll be damned if you don't!
Come now! I'm not afraid of you! You hear?
I'm not afraid of you!

Jeanne.— Why should you be
Afraid of me?

Jean (*tapping his bosom*).— I've got a little charm
To turn your cursed spells. You understand?
You'd best behave yourself! Come now, ma mie,——
Just be a pleasant girl!

(*He advances towards her too familiarly. She simply raises her hand and he steps back, involuntarily crossing himself.*)

Jeanne.— Then keep your place!

Jean.— God! What a virtuous witch!

Jeanne.— What would you here?
Master Henri's gone out.

Jean.— Oh, never mind!
You'll find out soon enough when Baudricourt
Has finished dealing with you.

Jeanne.— Baudricourt?—

Jean.— Aye, Baudricourt. The Captain understands
Women like you. . . . But you're a pretty wench:
I'll say that for you; you're a pretty wench. . . .
See here, ma mie! You make it worth my while
To interest myself in you,— and then
Maybe I'll ask the Captain to extend
Your welcome for a day or two. Come now,
What do you say to that?

Jeanne.— What do you mean?

Jean.— He's my commander in the garrison;

But sometimes he confers upon himself
The dignity of calling me his friend.
You understand? Well, if his friend demands,—
Demands? — Well, if his friend politely begs
Consideration for another —friend,—
Perhaps he may consider. Eh?

Jeanne.— You mean —

Jean.— Come, come, ma mie! You surely cannot mean
That you expect the Captain to receive
Young women who desert their father's house,
And ask for convoy, military convoy,
To guard them to the King! Do you suppose
We keep a garrison for things like that?
Of course you don't. I say, don't look so frightened!
I'm harmless; I'm not going to denounce you; no.
I merely want to make you understand
That I can help you,— if you use me right.

Jeanne.— What do you want?

Jean.— I want you to be pleasant.
Come, come, look here, ma mie! Why can't you smile?
Just smile, at least, and be a pretty girl?

(*He advances towards her, and tries to embrace her. She is forced back to the wall, but evades him, and then faces him.*)

Jeanne.— Will you begone! You come here to insult me!
Go!

(*Jean staggers back in some embarrassment.*)

Jean.— You mean that? You know what Baudricourt ——

Jeanne.— I know. Now leave me!

(JEAN *looks at her in amazement. She stands with head erect and eyes flashing. He attempts to cover his retreat.*)

Jean.— If you will be foolish—

(*He backs to the door, but, being by nature both a fighter and a gentleman, however overlaid with grime, he cannot bring himself to making a coward's exit.*)

I say,— I did not come here — to insult you. . . .
I have — misjudged — you.

Jeanne.— And you call yourself
A soldier! And the armies of our France
Are filled,— nay, they are led by men like you!
You, who attack defenseless girls, and then,

When God gives them the courage to oppose,
You lightly take your leave! Think you that so
You make amends? . . . Come, answer me!

Jean (*after a pause, bewildered*).— I did —
I did not know — that you — that you ——

Jeanne.— That I
Would dare oppose you. Mean you that? Come, say! —
'Tis what you mean, but you dare not admit
So cowardly a truth about yourself.
And France must look to men like you!

(*She stands immovable and withers him with a gaze of terrible scorn. He is visibly moved to repentance, for he knows himself guilty of the specific charge brought against him. He has enough on his conscience, besides, to make his repentance urgent. His new tone has no reserve of self-esteem.*)

Jean.— Indeed,—
Indeed,— I wronged you,— wronged you bitterly;
And I would supplicate your pardon for it.
I have debased my office and myself.
I pray your pardon.

Jeanne.— Do you mean those words?

Jean.— Aye, damoiselle, I do.

Jeanne.— 'Tis granted you.

(*A pause.* JEANNE *waits for* JEAN *to go, but he lingers with considerable embarrassment, casting about in his mind for some scheme of further reparation.*)

Jean.—The Captain is my friend. So much is true
Of my unbridled words. I will demand
Another hearing for you if you wish.
I can do that. I do not understand
What you desire of him, or why you urge
A mission with the King, but ne'er the less
I will go plead your cause.

Jeanne.— It will be vain.
He has repulsed me once already. I ——
I have no words for him other than those
Which he has heard. I thank you, though. Mayhap
You may yet serve me. But for now, farewell.

Jean.— Nay, damoiselle, what is your mission here?
Will you admit me, who affronted you,—
Admit me to your confidence? I am

A man of brawls and battles, born and bred
In camps and fortresses. Yourself have seen
I am unmannered,— worse than that. I am
Scarce better than the mongrel curs that snarl
For gutter prizes.

Jeanne.— You — would ask of me
A confidence? Your shame ennobles you!
There is a light in you beyond the dull
Uncertain glimmering of the gutter souls.——

Jean.— For that you may confide in me.

Jeanne.— I dare
Confide in you.

Jean.— I am a man unlearned
In mysteries of faith. My boyhood time
Would brook no priestly teaching. I have turned
What sacred words I know to blasphemy. . . .
I have a friend who understands these things: ——
Bertrand, who will be 'Sieur de Poulangy.
Now he might understand.

Jeanne.— But he has known
My errand from the first, and understood
No word of it.

Jean.— But he converses of it
To all the priests in all the country round.
I tell you he is keen to ferret out
The flaws in priestly blades!

Jeanne.— What says he then
Of me?

Jean.— I have no words. I speed a bolt
Straight to the mark. My good blade finds the crevice
In my foe's armour. But I have no words.
The battle of the yea and nay and wherefore
Discomfits me.

Jeanne.— But you have heard him say
Something of me. What was it?

Jean.— Once to-day
I have affronted you. I would not twice
Offend you.

Jeanne.— Nay, what says he? The offense,
If such there be, is his, not yours. Come, say!

Jean.— He says,— he says,— that you are much misled —
Misled by fiends of hell. He says that you
Will find your own destruction. Furthermore,
He says that every wise priest in the valley
Is of the same opinion. I am sure
That he misjudges you. But then, I am
A man untrained in all such things.
Jeanne.— But why
Do you oppose your little knowledge of me
To that of learned clerks, and of Bertrand,
Who, as you say, is wise in priestly things?
Jean.— Nay, nay, I only know that you yourself
Have made me loathe myself. I know that you,
Whom I affronted have forgiven me.
I know that you who dare to brave the wrath
Of Baudricourt,— who dare to grant to me
One gracious word,— who dare to open thus
One little corner of your heart to me,—
I know that you are not bewitched of devils!
You are of God!
Jeanne.— Do you believe in me?
Jean.— I do, I swear to you! Nay, nay, how can
I swear? I have abused all words.
Jeanne.— You will
Accept my mission? If I tell you all,
You will believe me, aye, and act with me?
Will you do so?
Jean.— I will do so!
Jeanne.— Then hear.
Do you know what I want of Baudricourt?
Jean.— Nay, nothing, beyond this, that you have asked
For convoy to the King. What is your object
Is much too deep for me. I only know
That our poor King is walled out from his kingdom,
And England swallows us in her great maw,
Till we, men of Lorraine, are all but English.
You have not come to make us Englishmen?
Jeanne.— Not I! I come to Vaucouleurs because
It is a loyal town, the only one
Loyal in all the valley of the Meuse.

I must have convoy to the Dauphin, first ——
Jean.— The Dauphin? What mean you? You mean the King?
Jeanne.— I mean the Dauphin. For he is the Dauphin,
And will be, will he not, till he is crowned,—
Crowned King of Rheims? Our France can own no king
Who is not crowned at Rheims, and there anointed
With holy oil! It is the ancient law!
God has appointed me, I know not why,
To bring the Dauphin from Chinon to Rheims,
And there to crown him King. Ere mi-carême
I must be at Chinon!
Jean.— Ere mi-carême?
'Tis far!
Jeanne.— Aye, but it is the will of God!
And it shall be! Think you that Baudricourt
Can overcome God's will? Help me or not,—
Oppose me if he will, I cannot fail!
I shall be there, even if I have to walk ——
Walk through Burgundian ravagers until
My feet are worn away, worn to my knees!
'Tis I alone must save France,— I alone!
No man in all this world, nor king nor duke,
Nay, nor the daughter of the Scottish King,
Can save France and her King, but only she
Whom God hath chosen for it. Think you I
Have sought this honor for myself? Do girls,—
Do peasant girls, go forth to crown the kings,
And lead the armies of our France? Nay, I
Had liefer far be spinning at my wheel,
Or sewing with my mother in my home,
But that it is God's will that I should go
And do this deed. My Lord has willed it so.
Jean.— Who is your lord?
Jeanne.— My Lord is God most high,
And He alone!
Jean.— Then I, I Jean de Metz,
Swear to you, Maid, that I, God helping me,
Will lead you to the King! When will you go?
(*He puts both hands in hers.*)
Jeanne.— To-day is better than to-morrow! If

You cannot go to-day, to-morrow will
Be better than the next day! Only go!
I have delayed so long! 'Tis now four years
Since first the saints of God announced to me
My mission. I have waited. I have dared
No more than to defer it. Now the time
Is all fulfilled, and you have come to me!
St. Michael is a warrior like you.
He must have brought — he has brought you to me!

Jean.— Have you a horse?

Jeanne.— A horse? Not of my own.
And must I have one?

Jeane.— Aye, of course you must;
And other things as well. I'll see to that.

(*A violent knocking is heard at the door.* JEANNE *and* JEAN *are both recalled to their immediate positions.* JEANNE *goes to open and* JEAN *is taken aback at the entrance of* BERTRAND DE POULANGY.)

Bertrand.— Well, sir, have you forgotten everything
That you were sent for? Where's Henri le Royer?
I thought the Captain ordered you to bring him
Up to the castle. I'd have you understand
The Captain's in a frenzy. He's accustomed
To seeing people when he sends for them.

Jeanne.— Nay, 'Sieur Bertrand, Master Henri's not here,—
He's not been here since he went out when I
First came back from the castle.

Bertrand.— Has it taken
So long for you to tell Jean that?

Jean.— Look here,
Bertrand! I have some news for you.

Bertrand.— The Captain
Will doubtless have some news for you, my Jean.

Jean.— Suppose we drop the Captain for a minute.

Bertrand.— Each minute makes the matter worse.

Jean.— See here,
Bertrand! We will go presently and find
Henri le Royer, or whomever else
The Captain may suppose that he desires;
But first you will allow me to announce
A matter of some import to you. I

Am going with Jeanne d'Arc to crown the King!

(BERTRAND *is visibly staggered. He supposes that he knows* JEAN DE METZ. *He looks searchingly at* JEANNE, *but sees nothing which can explain the announcement.*)

Bertrand.— You —are going with Jeanne d'Arc — to crown the King?

Jean.— Bertrand, I am. And you are going with us.

Bertrand.— Who told you this?

Jean.— Who told me?

Jeanne.— 'Sieur Bertrand,
No one has told him, but he has believed
My mission, that is all.

Jean.— Bertrand, you're wrong.
All wrong about this girl. She is of God!

Bertrand.— And what know you of God? Nay, pardon me,
My Jean, but I had not supposed before
That you were moved by such things.
(*He looks searchingly at* JEANNE *again.*)
How know you
That she is what you say?

Jean.— I'm sure of it!

Bertrand.— But how, Jean? That's a woman's reason. How?

Jean.— I'll tell you later.

Jeanne.— Now go, both of you,
And do your errand.

Jean.— I must tell the Captain.
Oh, never fear! He is my friend. He'll hear me!
And you, Bertrand, you'll hear me! And you'll go
With us!

Jeanne.— You must make haste! Please go!

(*She opens the door for them.* BERTRAND *goes out.* JEAN *takes her hand reverently in both his own.*)

Jean.—Good by! Keep up your courage! I'll return
With news for you. Bertrand will go with us.
You'll see! Good by!

Jeanne.— Good by, my friend! Good by!

(JEAN *hurries out.* JEANNE *looks after him a moment, then comes back into the room, her face radiant with hope. She opens wide her arms and lifts her eyes to heaven.*)

Jeanne.— Mother, I thank thee! God has heard my prayer!

(*She seems almost lost in ecstacy, when the door opens and* CATHERINE

rushes breathless into the room. She is terribly frightened at something, and looks wonderingly at JEANNE, *who turns and embraces her rapturously.* CATHERINE *mistakes the cause of* JEANNE'S *embrace.)*

Catherine.— Jeanne! Jeanne! What is it? Who was that I saw
Run from the door just now?
Jeanne.— Why, Jean de Metz.
Catherine.— 'Twas what I feared! Jeanne, Jeanne, what did he here?
Jeanne.— What did he here? Why, first he came to serve
A summons from the Captain on your husband.
Master Henri was not here, so he tarried
And had some words with me. Catherine, Catherine,
He will go with me to Chinon!
Catherine.— He? Jean de Metz?
Jeanne.— Aye, he has promised me.
Catherine.— Not Jean de Metz?
Jeanne.— Aye, Jean de Metz!
Catherine.— Dear girl, you do not know him.
Jeanne.— Indeed I know him! He has pledged himself,
His hand in mine, solemnly, before God,
To lead me to the Dauphin. Dear Catherine,
St. Michael brought him here! I know he did!
Catherine.— Dear, Jean de Metz is called the worst blasphemer
In Vaucouleurs. His ribald blasphemies
Once brought him into court. You cannot mean
That you will go with him?
Jeanne.— Of course I will!
Catherine.— It is a trap for you! You must not go!
It is a deep-laid plot against you, dear.
He saw his opportunity to minister
To his own passions. Jeanne, you must not go!
Jeanne.—Catherine, you do not know him. You may know
The Jean de Metz of yesterday,— the man
Who tried just now to tempt me to his ends.
You do not know the Jean who is my friend.
Catherine.— He tried to tempt you?
Jeanne.— Aye,— he called me pretty —
And said,— if I — would make it worth his while
To interest himself in me, he'd beg
Consideration for me from the Captain.
Catherine.— What did you then?

Jeanne.— Why, then I asked his meaning.
I soon found that out; then I turned on him
And scolded him, which seemed to do him good,
For he showed signs of manhood. After that
He asked about my mission. When I told him,—
He was another man, and promised me
Of his own will to go with me.
Catherine.— O Jeanne,
I cannot let you go with him! He will
Betray you! Nay, believe me, dear, he will!
Jeanne.— Catherine, I am not going with the man
You're warning me against. I say he's changed!
Besides, there is to be another.
Catherine.— Who?
Jeanne.— Well, it's Bertrand de Poulangy. Come now,
Does he blaspheme? Will you trust me with him?
Catherine.— Well, he's a little better.
(JEANNE *smiles confidently, and takes* CATHERINE'S *hand in persuasive fashion.*)
Jeanne.— My Catherine,
When first I asked for convoy from the Captain,
I scarce had thought of how I was to go.
I saw the court, I saw the King-to-be,
I saw the banners waving high; I heard
The martial trumpets blowing, till the skies
Resounded with God's victory for France.
I did not see the loneliness, the road
Beset with murderers and worse; wild nights
Without a roof to shelter me. I saw
Myself escorted to the glorious end,
And tenderly protected. My Catherine,
These things will never be. I come to see
That such is not God's way. If Baudricourt
Should soften towards me, even then, would he—
Could he — afford to send me guarded so,—
Secure from every ill? He could not do it. . .
God has provided two strong men for me,
Two men who know the way. Could I ask more?
They go with perfect faith in me. Can I
Have less than faith in them? Can you have less?

Believe me, dear, salvation will not come
To France, till men have faith in God,— in God,
And in the instruments God raises up
To do his will.

Catherine.— Dear Jeanne, do you believe
That these are instruments of God?

Jeanne.— I do.
What's more, they are the perfect instruments.
Chinon is many leagues from here. The road
Is harrassed by marauders. We must travel
In secrecy. An army would be needed
To make a convoy safe. We three can steal
Our way where numbers would invite attack
And draw destruction. Three will be more swift
Than thirty or three hundred. Three can fly
Where more could only crawl. It is God's way!

Catherine.— You're not afraid to trust yourself to them?

Jeanne.— Why should I be? Is not my mission theirs?
Come, dear, give me your faith as heretofore
You have done! We shall soon be off. You must
Stand by me still. I want your woman's love,—
Perhaps the last that I shall ever know.
I want to feel your arms supporting me
As they have done before. Come, dear, have faith!

Catherine.— My Jeanne, your faith begins to kindle mine.
I do believe in you! You know I do!
I only thought to guard your womanhood
From some betrayal. Faith omnipotent
Must be your shield.

Jeanne.— Faith is omnipotent.
But I must have your perfect love as well,—
The love no breath of doubt can dim. Such love
Is the one price of faith omnipotent,—
And you must not withhold it.

Catherine.— And I will not!
I do not doubt you, dear. I never doubted
You or your mission. But I had not thought
Of Jean de Metz — as God's appointed means
To your success.

Jeanne.— You do accept him now?

Catherine.— I do. I must. Your faith compels me to.

Jeanne.— God bless you, dear.

(*The two women embrace tenderly, as a final pledge of the union of their faith, although they have been affectionate in action throughout the scene.*)

Catherine.— What will your kinsman say?

Jeanne.— What can he say?

(*The door is flung wide open with violence, and* HENRI *projects himself into the room. The sight of* JEANNE *in* CATHERINE'S *arms excites him to evident resentment.*)

Catherine (*low, to* JEANNE).— Be careful of your words!

Henri.— Now here's a state of things! The Captain sends
A special messenger for me, and I am summoned
Up to the castle on the instant.

Catherine.— Well?

Henri (*looking with unnecessary directness at* JEANNE).—
Well, would he summon me unless he had
Some private word for me? Can you surmise
What he intends? The Captain knows right well
On whom he can rely. He knows!
(HENRI *goes to the inner room.*)

Jeanne.— Catherine,—
The Captain ——

Catherine.— Never fear! We must have faith!
Mayhap your Jean will intercept whatever
The Captain now intends. Rely on him!

Jeanne.— We must rely on God to help him.

Catherine.— Aye —
The Captain — may have changed his purpose towards you.

(*Both women look cautiously towards the inner door, whence* HENRI *presently emerges, in his best doublet, which he smoothes with satisfaction. He opens the outer door, and turns for a parting shot, just as* DURAND *enters in some embarrassment.*)

Henri.— He can rely on me! This house shall not
Be found in mutiny!
(HENRI *goes out with determination.*)

Durand.— Not for our sake!
My good Catherine, I never thought to bring
Misfortune on your house. When we came here,
And you extended hospitality —
Made your home like our own,— I only hoped

That you might share with us a recompense
Of favor.
Catherine.— Friend Durand, I had no thought
Of favor. I received you at the first
Just for yourself. And now I share with you
The cause which brought you.
Durand.— It may cost you dear.
What if the Captain's wrath be visited
On you?
Jeanne.— What have they done to merit wrath?
Durand.— Wrath is not always visited upon
The head that most deserves it.
Jeanne.— You don't know!
That is all changed!
Durand.— Has Baudricourt consented?
Jeanne.— He has not yet. He will! I know he will!
We have an advocate with Baudricourt,—
The Captain's friend, who has just gone to him
To plead our cause.
Durand.— Do you mean — Friend Henri?
Jeanne.— Nay, nay, but God has sent an advocate,—
A friend to us, aye, and to Baudricourt,—
And he has promised me, his hand in mine,
To guide me to the Dauphin! Do you hear?
To-day,— this very night,— we can be off,—
Off to the court, to Orleans, to Rheims!
Oh, my good uncle, what say you to that?
You will thank God with me!
Durand.— Who is this friend?
Jeanne.— His name is Jean. They call him Jean de Metz.
Oh, he's a soldier, and he knows the way.
Durand.— Jean? Jean de Metz?
Jeanne.— Aye, Jean de Metz? Nay, nay,
Not Jean de Metz.
Durand.— Aye, Jean de Metz? Nay, nay,——
Not Jean de Metz? Jeanne, tell me, are you mad?
Is he two men?
Jeanne.— Nay, nay, he is himself.
Durand.— If you are talking of the Jean de Metz
Now of the garrison, the Jean de Metz

Who's known the country 'round for blasphemy,
The only Jean de Metz in Vaucouleurs,——
If you mean him,— I cannot let you go.
Jeanne.— But, Uncle, what if he is not the man
You take him for? What if I say he's changed?
Catherine, just now, was sure he had a plot
To ruin me,——
Durand.— And so he has, my child!
You must not trust yourself to him! He is
The terror of all mothers in the valley.
Jeanne.— Did I not say he's changed? You do not know
The man who is my friend. I say he's changed!
Durand.— Changed? Changed? How changed? The leopard cannot change
The spots men know him by!
Jeanne.— Nay, but he can!
He does! Catherine believes it. Do you not,
Catherine?
Catherine.— Good friend Durand, you are quite sure
That my heart, like your own, is in Jeanne's mission?
You do not doubt my loyalty? I am
A woman, too, and I have known this man,
This Jean de Metz, if not in deed, at least
By ill repute. When Jeanne told me this news,
One minute since, I was as much opposed
To her believing him, as her own mother,——
As any mother could have been. I saw,
Or thought I saw, his plot. I saw at once
His opportunity to ruin her.
But Jeanne has made me — see — see — something else.
She says that he is changed. I was not here;
I do not understand; but I believe.
I do believe Jeanne, from my heart, I do!
And I believe that Jean de Metz is changed.
Jeanne.— God bless you, dear!
Durand.— I am responsible
For her at home. You're not responsible
To any one.
Catherine.— I hold myself as much
Responsible to God as you can be

To Jacques d'Arc or his wife!
Durand.— You would allow
Our Jeanne to go with him alone ——
Jeanne.— Alone?
Oh, not alone! There is another one.
I had forgotten. Jean has pledged his friend
Bertrand — the one who helped us at the castle —
To go with us.
Durand.— Will Baudricourt release
Two of the best men of the garrison
For what he has refused to undertake
In his own right?
Jeanne.— But Jean will bring him to it!
(*She throws her arms about him.*)
Come, Uncle, you cannot refuse consent!
Of all my kin you are the only one
To forward me in what I am ordained
Of God to do. You have believed in me
Thus far. Do not oppose me here. You must
Have faith in him whom God has brought to me!
I tell you he is changed. You must believe it!
I cannot prove it to you. Time will prove it!
Come, tell me you accept him!
Catherine.— You will not
Refuse the instruments God has raised up
For our salvation!
Durand.— You believe in him?
Catherine.— Implicitly!
Durand.— Then — I — accept — him, too.
Jeanne.— God bless you, my good uncle! God will bless you!
And you, Catherine! What could I do without you?
Now we are all united! Once again
We have a common faith, we three together!
And Jean is up there; and Bertrand is with him;
And Jean will win the Captain! Oh, he will!
God will not let him fail! Come, come, Catherine,
Let us beseech the Virgin! We must pray,—
Pray hard for Jean! He will need strength for this;
The Captain may resist him. Come, Catherine!
(*The two women throw cloaks about their shoulders.* CATHERINE *is as*

eager as JEANNE, *but more contained. The high altitudes of faith are bracing to her, but not overpowering. She opens the door, and waits for* JEANNE, *who turns back to* DURAND *a moment.*)

Jeanne.— Uncle, you must wait here. Some one will come.
You must wait here. You must be here to welcome
Whoever comes. Come on, Catherine! Good bye!

(*The two women hurry out.* DURAND *is somewhat dazed by the rapidity and strange character of Divine Providence. He sits down to collect himself. At length he mutters:*)

Durand.— It is impossible. . . . But I have promised.

(*Presently the door opens.* DURAND *looks around, rather startled, not knowing whether he is to receive a visitation of wrath, or an apparition of faith. It is only the little maid, who comes in wonderingly, as to a strange place. She puts down her basket, lays off her cape, and looks about her.*)

Maid.— It's only I. Were you expecting some one?
You looked as if you were. . . . I almost ran.
I wanted to see Jeanne.
Durand.— She's at the church.
Maid.— And mistress?
Durand.— She has gone, too. They've both gone.
They went to pray.
Maid.— Oh . . . . I don't understand
Why people pray so much. I know it's good
To pray. Mistress has said so. Father Jean
Tells us that all good people come to church
On Sundays. Must they go there every day?
Perhaps I am not old enough for that.
Durand.— Not yet.
Maid.— May I ask you a question?
Durand.— Yes.
Maid.— Will you tell me — perhaps I ought not ask —
Will you tell me — if Jeanne is really going
To see the King?
Durand.— I hope so, child, I hope so.
Maid.— But Jeanne is sure of it. She told me so.
Durand.— Did she? Then I suppose she must be going.
Maid.— But you're not sure of it?
Durand.— Well, now,— you see —
We are not sure of anything. You see ——
Maid.— But Jeanne is sure!

Durand.— Yes, I suppose she is.
Maid.— If Jeanne is sure why can't we all be sure?
Durand.— Why? Oh,— well,— well,— we can be. Can we not?
(*He can endure cross-examination no longer. He rises.*)
I don't believe that you quite understand
What this is all about.
Maid.— No,— no,— I don't.
Durand.— Now I must go — and — see about — some things
I have to do. And you must stay right here.
If some one comes — you'll call me. I shall be
Right here at hand. You'll call me.
Maid.— Yes, I'll call you,
If some one comes. Do you know who is coming?
Durand.— No, child, I don't. But I shall be here.
Maid.— Yes.
(*He goes into the inner room. The child settles herself gravely to keep watch.*)
Maid.— I wonder who is coming,—
Oh, I wonder
What this is all about ——
I wonder
who ——

Slow Curtain

Scene III

Day

(*The curtain discloses the little maid sitting by the fire. She is lost in deep thought. Presently she recalls the situation and looks about her.*)
Maid.— No one is come yet. . . . .
There's somebody, now!
(*She slips from her seat, as a heavy step is heard outside. Just as she is about to open the outside door, it opens decisively, and* Henri *enters.*)
Maid.— Oh! . . . . Master.
Henri.— Where's your mistress?
Maid.— She's gone out,—
Gone to the church to pray,— and Jeanne is with her.
Henri.— Where is Durand Lassois? Is he with them?

Maid.— Master Lassois is in the other room.
Some one is coming.
Henri.— Some one coming? Who?
Maid.— I don't know. He told me to wait right here.
Henri.— Who told you? Lassois?
(DURAND *enters.*) Now see here, Durand,
What's this about somebody coming here?
Durand.— I only know Jeanne told me to await
Whoever came.
Henri.— Whoever came? Well, I
Have come. Will I do?
Now, my friend, Durand,
This has gone far enough! Listen to me!
I have no wish to be discourteous;
I am a common man; I see no visions;
Plain facts are good enough for me. To-day
You saw the Captain. Well, he ordered you
To beat Jeanne d'Arc and take her to her father.
(*The maid is thunderstruck; she wants to run away and hide, but cannot do it.*)
Durand.— Aye, so did he. The first — I will not do.
The second is to-morrow.
Henri.— Well, to-day
You'd best prepare for both. The Captain says
That you seemed not to hear the express commands
He laid on you. That's why he summoned me.
He orders me to make you understand
That his will is inflexible. You must
Obey commands. I am to see you do it.
Robert de Baudricourt relies on me.
When he commands a thing, that thing is done!
Durand.— But,— friend Henri,— suppose ——
Henri.— Nay, nay, Durand,
We have had quite enough, more than enough
Of suppositions. Here are facts. The Captain
Has issued orders. They must be fulfilled!
Now, do you understand? I am your friend;
I would not injure you; you are my guest.
But here are orders from the Captain. He,
As I have said before, commands this town.

You took your case to him. He issues judgment.
You must comply.

Durand.— But if he should relent?

Henri.— Robert de Baudricourt relent? Durand,
Have you surrendered all your manhood's reason?
Are you bewitched with childishness?

Durand.— Have you
Lost all your sense of mercy,— nay, of justice?

Henri.— My first duty! A man must do his duty!

Durand.— If some one comes,— if some one comes to say
That this is all changed ——

Henri.— Who will come? Durand,
This is all nonsense, nonsense! Do you hear?
No one will come, no one ——

(*There is an imperious knocking at the door.* HENRI *and* DURAND *are quite dumfounded.* DURAND *quickly recovers and gives* HENRI *a meaning glance. The knocking is repeated, even more ominously. The little maid summons her courage and goes in great trepidation to open. In stalks* BAUDRICOURT *with* FATHER JEAN FOURNIER. HENRI *gasps for words, but cannot speak.*)

Baudricourt.— Where is Jeanne d'Arc?

(*No answer.*)

Where is Jeanne d'Arc? Come, tell me! Are you dumb?

Durand.— My Lord, Jeanne d'Arc is praying at the church.

Baudricourt.— Well, bring her here! Go! Do you understand?

(*The little maid, glad of an opportunity to escape the awful manifestations of power, runs to the door.*)

Maid.— I'll go. I'll go!

Baudricourt.— Be quick about it, then!

(*She runs out.* BAUDRICOURT *paces the room like a wild beast. There seems to be nothing to say, but* HENRI *makes a feeble venture.*)

Henri.— Will you sit down and rest yourself, my lord?

Baudricourt.— I am not weary. 'Tis no time for rest.
'Tis time for action. We will rest to-morrow.

(*A pause.* BAUDRICOURT *is restive. At length his anger forces him to speak.*)

To-day and very soon we shall dispose
Of this accursed girl!

Henri.— We shall, my Lord!

(*A pause.* BAUDRICOURT *favors* HENRI *with a look of silent contempt.*

Presently BAUDRICOURT *breaks out with new vigor, but in a more controlled manner. He addresses no one in particular.*)

Baudricourt.— Is this maid of the Devil or of God?
If there be virtue in our holy Church
And in her rites, we will now once for all
Determine! She may thank her saints for this,
That I am not a man of valor only.
I am as strong for justice as for war.

Henri.— You are, my lord.

Baudricourt.— Hear what I have to say!
If peasant girls have visions, I care not.
I care not if old men like this Lassois
Disport themselves with visions. But by God,
My garrison shall not be tampered with!
I have not chosen them, and moulded them
In discipline,— I have not made them brave,
Infused them with a valor like my own,—
And paid them for it, too, in solid coin,—
To have them sapped, suborned, demented, ruined!
Durand Lassois, do you know what this girl,
This mad, unbridled filly of yours here,
Has brought to pass? You know my Jean de Metz?
You all know who he is; you know his worth
To me, to Vaucouleurs, to all of us!
When I sent him to summon you, le Royer,
To hear my will, he, first of all, delayed.
When I had done with you, I summoned him,
To ask the reason for delay. You said
That you came on the instant of the summons.

Henri.— Aye, so I did, my Lord.

Baudricourt.— Well, I believe you.
I do not question you. But Master Jean,
The man I always trusted as myself,
The comrade of my heart, my own right hand,
What does he say? Talking with this Jeanne d'Arc!
And I must overlook it, and I will
When I have heard what came of it!

Henri.— Good Captain,
I am quite innocent of this! Believe me,
I have — I had — no knowledge that the maid

Had ever spoken with your Jean!
Baudricourt.— Look here,
I'm not accusing you! But my own Jean,—
My Jean de Metz — proposes to desert me!
Henri.— Desert you?
Baudricourt.— Aye, desert me! He must go
With Jeanne d'Arc to Chinon,— must go at once,—
To-day! What's more, Bertrand must go as well,—
Bertrand, who is the sanest man I have,
My man of judgment! By the love I bear them,
The friendship of good comrades, and all that,
I must release them, out of hand, to-day —
Relieve myself of them at once, dispatch them
With this same girl on this same devilment!
I have refused her once already! So.
But then I did not understand,— my eyes
Were closed to her! It is the will of God!
My will has heretofore been good enough
For moving Jean de Metz! The will of God!

(*The door opens, and* JEANNE *enters, followed by* CATHERINE *and the maid.* JEANNE *is calm.*)

Jeanne.— My Captain Baudricourt, you sent for me?
Baudricourt.— Aye, so I did. Now leave us, all of you!
Leave her alone with Father Jean and me!
The rest of you begone! At once!
Catherine.— My Lord,
May we go in the inner room, or must
We leave the house?
Baudricourt.— Go where you please, I care not!

(HENRI *goes out with alacrity, through the outer door.* DURAND *slowly edges towards the inner door. The little maid follows him, looking fearfully at* JEANNE. CATHERINE *stops for a desperate hand-clasp with* JEANNE *and then goes quietly after the others, turning at the door for a helpless look.* BAUDRICOURT *then closes the inner door securely, and comes back to the center of the room, where he faces* JEANNE, *who stands impassive.*)

Baudricourt.— Jeanne d'Arc, you came to plead a cause with me.
Jeanne.— I did.
Baudricourt.— And I dismissed you, and I ordered
A beating for you, for your insolence,
Which done, you were to straightway be returned

To your own father.
(*He searches her with a penetrating look.*)
You do not appear
To have been beaten yet; not as I ordered.
(*A pause.*)
Have you bewitched this sotted cowherd here,
This mumbling good-for-naught who forwards you
In your mad schemes, that he dares disobey
My own express commands? Answer me that!
Jeanne.— I have bewitched nobody. I could not
Bewitch the smallest thing.
Baudricourt.— You have bewitched
The strongest man save one in Vaucouleurs!
You have bewitched my Jean de Metz,— the man
Who least of all is open to the charms
Of devilment. Think you to save yourself
From my commands by interposing him
Between my will and you? Think you that so
You will escape a beating? Think you that?
Do you know what can happen to a witch
Who strikes so at the heart of my command?
Think you that any beating will suffice
To sate my vengeance, just and holy vengeance,
Against attack like that?
Jeanne.— I have bewitched
Nobody. I am not a witch. I am
A simple peasant girl whom God ordains
To crown the King of France at Rheims: just that
And nothing more. It is the will of God.
Baudricourt.— The will of God! The will of God, indeed!
Jeanne.— It is the will of God that I shall go
To save the Dauphin from his enemies,
And crown him King anointed of the Lord
At Rheims. And it shall be! I have the seal
Of God's most blessed saints that it shall be!
Baudricourt.— Will you affront me with the saints of God?
Jeanne.— I will affront the enemies of France.
Are you of them?
Baudricourt.— Be silent, insolent!
Think you I come to bandy words with you?

Jeanne.— Why are you come?
Baudricourt.— For judgment upon you!
Have you forgotten what I said just now?
Will you disdain my words before my face?
Will you bewitch me, too? Do you forget
What you have done to Jean de Metz?
Jeanne.— Ah, Jean,—
My good friend Jean de Metz,— my friend who pledged
Himself to urge my mission with you,— has
He not done so? You could not use me thus
Had he persuaded you of that he knows.
Baudricourt.— He has persuaded me of this: that you
Must promptly be submitted to the test
By holy Church provided as the means
Of extirpating witchcraft! Father Jean,
Your office.
Jeanne.— Nay, what office, Father Jean?
Father Jean.— The office of our holy Church, Jeanne d'Arc,
Which God appoints for trial of the spirits
That trouble human souls.
Jeanne.— But, Father Jean,
My soul is never troubled but by men
Who dare deny the will of God in me,
And counteract my mission. You cannot
Believe that I am one possessed of devils!
You have known me! I have confessed to you;
I have laid bare my soul before your eyes!
You know my innocence of such a sin
As this one here imputed! You cannot
Believe this charge against me! Your own hands
Have given me the Blessed Sacrament
Which I have still received in innocence!
Can you distrust me so?
Father Jean.— I am ordained
To fill the ministries of holy Church,
And this is one of them.
Baudricourt.— Come, priest, have done
With parleying! The witch is sore afraid
Of any test. That in itself appears
Strong evidence against her. To the office!

Jeanne.— I may resent the test. I do not fear it.

(FATHER JEAN *puts on the stole which he has brought with him, takes the Cross of his rosary in his right hand, raises it in the air, and solemnly repeats the form of conjuration.*)

Father Jean.— Art thou a thing of hell,— depart from me!
Art thou a thing of God,— draw near to me!

(JEANNE *quietly steps forward towards the priest, falls on her knees before him, crosses herself, and, as he lowers the Cross, kisses it devoutly.* BAUDRICOURT *is astounded by her action. She rises.*)

Baudricourt.— What does this mean?

Father Jean.— The maid is innocent
Of witchcraft.

Jeanne.— Nay, my Captain Baudricourt,
Will you believe me now? You have imposed
This test on me. If you accept the verdict
That I am innocent, will you accept
My mission, too? It is the will of God!
You must believe that France cannot be saved
But by the means ordained of God. You know
The ancient rune: 'Tis known the country 'round:
'France, by a woman ruined, shall be saved
By a virgin from the marches of Lorraine.'
I am that virgin!

Baudricourt.— And I tell you, girl,
That you are mad! And what know you of France,
And her salvation? France is to be saved
By men, by fighting men!

Jeanne.— Aye, saved by men,
Men fighting under God, and led by her
Whom God ordains! What can your fighting men
Avail without my help? Orleans is lost
Unless I come,— lost, lost, unless I come
To bring deliverance from God! You know
What happened there ten days ago; you know
Seigneur d'Orval and that Scotch constable
Were beaten at Rouvray,— were overwhelmed ——

Baudricourt.— What are you saying? The Seigneur d'Orval?
There was no such defeat.

Jeanne.— There was! There was!
The English beat them back! Did you not know?

Nay, nay,— I quite forgot. You did not know.
Baudricourt.— And how did you know? Not a messenger
Has come from Orleans these many days.
Jeanne.— St. Michael told it me.
Baudricourt.— St. Michael?
Jeanne.— Aye!
Baudricourt.— I say you're mad!
(*A violent knocking sounds from the outer door.* JEANNE *runs to open.* JEAN DE METZ *rushes in breathless.*)
Jeanne.— Jean!
Jean.— Captain Baudricourt,
There is a messenger from Orleans,—
Jean Colet de Vienne ——
Baudricourt.— From Orleans?
Jean.— Aye, aye,— from Orleans! — Ten days he has
Been dodging the Burgundians,——
Baudricourt.— His news?
Quick! Tell me, Jean, his news!
Jean.— Seigneur d'Orval
Was overwhelmed by the English,— at Rouvray,—
Ten days ago,— with that Scotch constable!
The French defense is almost broken down —
Why, Captain,— what of that? 'Tis but one more
Of the long list! Why are you dazed?
Jeanne.— Dear Jean,
Defeat is but the sign of victory!
It is God's vindication of our cause!
You are to go with me!
Jean.— Has he said so?
Jeanne.— He will! He will!
Jean.— How know you?
Jeanne.— Oh, he will!
Father Jean.— My Lord de Baudricourt, this maiden has
A power which baffles us. The holy rites
Have proved that she is not of hell. What then?
There is no other way: she is of God.
Contend not you against the will of God!
Baudricourt.— Jean, will you leave me for this girl?
Jean.— Nay, Captain,
'Tis not for any girl; it is for France!

Jeanne.— For God and France, my Captain!
Baudricourt (*with deliberation*).— You may go.
Jean (*to* JEANNE).— Wait here for me! We'll take the road to-night!
(*He runs out.*)
Baudricourt.— Come, father, let us go. (*To* JEANNE): I will return
With something for you, ere you go. You are
A brave girl. France needs men like you.
Jeanne.— My thanks
To you, good Captain!
(BAUDRICOURT *and* FATHER JEAN *go out.* JEANNE *runs to open the inner door.*)
Jeanne.— O Catherine! Catherine!
(CATHERINE *comes quickly, followed by the maid and* DURAND. *All three are overjoyed to find* JEANNE *still safe.* JEANNE *and* CATHERINE *fly to each other's arms.*)
Jeanne.— He has consented! Oh, he has, Catherine!
Durand.— How happened it? Came he for that?
Jeanne.— Not he!
But God has won him over!
(HENRI *enters from outside, prepared to preserve the dignity of the occasion.*)
Durand.— He relents,
My friend Henri, your Baudricourt relents!
(HENRI *gasps again.*)
Catherine.— Oh, it is glorious! But tell me, Jeanne,——
For what did Father Jean come with him?
Jeanne.— Dear,
He came — he came — to try me for a witch,—
To put the rites of conjuration on me.
Catherine.— Jeanne, nay!
Jeanne.— Aye, dear, to try me for a witch!
I had, it seems, bewitched my Jean de Metz.
Catherine.— And Father Jean ——
Jeanne.— It was demanded of him.
But still he should have known,— he should have known
That I was innocent.
Catherine.— A witch indeed!
Jeanne.— I had confessed to him. I had received
From his own hands the Blessed Sacrament!
Maid.— And are you going to the King, Jeanne? Say?

Henri.— Hush, child, you must not bother Jeanne!
Jeanne.— Yes, dear.
Maid.— My sister Jeanne is going to the King!
My sister Jeanne is going to the King!
(*She dances about in a whirlwind of joy.*)
Jeanne (*to* CATHERINE).— God interposed for me to prove that I
Was His appointed one. A message came
Proving to him that what I said was true.
And Jean de Metz was God's good messenger!
Maid.— Who was it who was coming? Tell me, Jeanne?
Jeanne.— Who was it, little sister mine? It was —
It was Jean Colet de Vienne, but one
Called Jean de Metz came for him. Do you see?
Maid.— And has he come?
Jeanne.— Yes, dear, he's come and gone.
Catherine.— Must you be off to-night?
Jeanne.— Yes, dear, at once.
Catherine.— To-night?
Jeanne.— We must avail ourselves of darkness,
To cover us. Chinon is many leagues
From here, and mi-carême is near at hand.
We must fulfill the prophecy!
Durand.— But Jeanne,
Will not God bring to pass His prophecies?
Jeanne.— Aye, Uncle, that he will! But through ourselves!
We must be off to-night!
Durand.— You have no horse.
Jeanne.— But Jean will bring me one. Just you trust him!
It was the thing he promised first of all.
Durand.— You must have food.
Catherine.— I will attend to that.
(*A feminine thought strikes* CATHERINE.)
But, Jeanne, what will you wear before the King?
(*A rap is heard at the door.* HENRI, *as the head of an important family who are receiving distinguished visitors, goes to open.* BERTRAND *enters, dressed for the journey, and bearing a bundle which he hands to* CATHERINE.)
Jeanne.— My good Bertrand! And you are going, too!
Are you prepared?
Bertrand.— I am prepared. A soldier
Is always ready for the road. But you,—

You,— damoiselle,— have something yet to do.

Catherine.— What is this bundle?

Bertrand.— Some — some — needful things —
For her. She is not ready for the road.

Jeanne.— I am not ready? Pray, Bertrand, why not?

Bertrand.— You cannot,— as you are,— set out upon
A journey such as this must be.

Jeanne (*taking the bundle*).— Why not?

(*She opens the bundle, looks at its contents for a minute, looks at* CATHERINE, *then at* BERTRAND, *who is very busy fixing his spur. The little maid takes a furtive peep.*)

Maid.— O Jeanne, men's clothes! What will you do with them?

Catherine.— Hush, child! Jeanne, dear,— you ——

Jeanne.— He is right, Catherine.
Come, dear, it must be done!

Catherine.— Well, if it must ——

(JEANNE *resolutely gathers up the bundle and goes to the inner room, followed by* CATHERINE.)

Henri (*to* BERTRAND).— Remember, sir, what we expect of you!
This is a great responsibility.

Bertrand.— We shall take care.

Durand.— I have no fear for her.
These good men can be trusted. They are trained
To danger; they are trained. I have no fear.
And God most high will still deliver them.

Jean (*outside*).— Whoa, there! Stand still, I say! You'll get your fill
Of going, soon enough! Stand still, I say!

(*All hurry to the door and look out, except* BERTRAND, *who has seen horses before.*)

Henri.— A fine one, too!

(JEAN *enters, ready for the road.*)

Henri.— A fine horse, that, I say!

Jean.— Oh, she will do. Have you some saddle-bags?

Henri.— Some saddle-bags?

Jean.— I said, some saddle-bags!
Say, have you any? That is all we lack.
You must have some about.

Henri (*very painfully*).— Perhaps — I have.

Jean.— Well, go and see! There is no time to lose.

(HENRI *goes out rather heavily.*)

Jean.— (*to* DURAND) Now, my good man, you must not fear for her.
God helping us, we will attend the maid.
Durand.— I have no fear.
Jean.— Bertrand, the Captain says
That he will send Richard, the archer, with us.
Bertrand.— A good man. We may need a man or two
For company.
Jean.— Jean Colet de Vienne
Is going with us. Says he must return
Without delay. Give me a man like that!
Bertrand.— I notice you do not return at once,—
Not always.
Jean.— I? What mean you?
Bertrand.— Oh, no matter.
(HENRI *re-enters with some rather dilapidated saddle-bags, which he carefully hands to* JEAN.)
Henri.— Will these do?
Jean.— I suppose they will, in lieu
Of better ones. They must, in fact. Have you
No better ones to give her?
Henri.— Now, I say,
These are good saddle-bags! They're good enough.
(*A portentous knock is heard at the door. The maid runs to open.* BAUDRICOURT *enters, bearing a sword.*)
Henri.— Welcome, my Lord de Baudricourt, you see
We are all busied in this enterprise.
Our Jeanne must be equipped quite properly!
Baudricourt (*to* JEAN).— Are you supplied with gold?
Jean.— I have my own
Small savings, and Bertrand has his.
Baudricourt.— You'd best
Take more than that? The King is not weighed down
With gold, as I have heard. Gold has its uses.
So take this purse.
Jean.— My thanks to you, good Captain!
This is for France and Jeanne d'Arc, not for me.
Durand.— My Lord de Baudricourt, accept my thanks
For this. I am a herdsman; I cannot
Give gold to any one; I have no gold.
I have a wife and little ones to feed.

I have my faith alone to give,— and prayer.
I pray that God may recompense your kindness.
Baudricourt.— It is for France I do it. You have wrought
More than your portion of this labor. France
May yet thank you with praises.
Maid.— Oh! O Jeanne!
(CATHERINE *enters, followed by* JEANNE *in her masculine attire, with her hair cut about her ears. Everybody except the little maid strives to look unconscious of the alteration.*)
Maid.— O Jeanne, what have you done with all your hair?
Catherine.— Hush, child! Come, Jeanne, where are your bags?
We must put food in them. Are these her bags?
Jean.— Aye, mistress, these are hers; they are the best
We have for her; perhaps they'll do.
Catherine.— How long
Shall you be on the road?
Jean.— I cannot tell.
Perhaps a week, perhaps two weeks.
Catherine.— So long?
Can I provision you for such a time?
You cannot take so much.
Jean.— Some simple things,—
Plain loaves of bread,— some dried meat if you have it.
Maid.— Let her take some of my bread, mistress, please!
(CATHERINE *and the Maid proceed to pack the saddle-bags. Meanwhile* BAUDRICOURT *steps forward with his sword.*)
Baudricourt.— Jeanne d'Arc, here is a sword for you. You have,
I dare to say, what Father Jean describes —
In words of holy writ,— I think they are,—
The sword — how is it? — sword of the spirit; — aye,
That's it. You have that sword, and you can use it.
But you will need another sword as well
If you propose to fight the English. They
Have swords, the English have, and they know how
To swing them. Do you think that you could swing
A heavy blade in battle?
Jean.— Nay, the maid
Will be the power behind our blades. I know
That French blades will be keener from this day,
French arrows swifter, aye, and French men, too,

Keener and swifter both.
Jeanne.— For this good blade
I thank you. 'Tis a gift I had not asked,
But not for that less welcome. I shall use it.
Baudricourt.— To point the way to victory? Or will you,
Maid as you are, put men to death?
Jeanne.— Nay, captain,
I would not hurt the smallest thing. I would
Not hurt an Englishman. But I will point
The way for them to England with this blade!
God grant I may do so! (*To* JEAN.) But come, my friend,
Help me to put my sword on. Tell me how
It goes. Like that?
Jean.— Nay, nay, it goes not so.
There! That's the way. Mind you don't trip yourself!
Bertrand.— Nay, Jean, the maid can wear a blade as well
As you or I.
Jeanne (*drawing the sword and holding it high in the air*).—
The sword of God and France!
Henri.— The sword of Captain Baudricourt, as well.
Baudricourt.— Nay, nay, le Royer! 'Tis no sword of mine.
'Tis her sword now,— the sword of God and France,—
As she has said.
Jeanne.— The sword of God and France!
(*She hangs the sword by her side.*)
Catherine, Catherine, are you not ready yet?
We must be off!
Catherine.— Nay, dear, there's time enough.
Jeanne.— Catherine, you do not think I'm leaving you
Without a pang? You know we must be off!
You would not keep me ——
Catherine.— Nay, my Jeanne, but I —
I see the dangers.
Maid.— Will you come again?
You'll come back, Jeanne, when you have seen the King,
And beaten all the English, will you not?
Jeanne (*kissing the child, who clings to her*).— I — hope so,— dear.
Maid.— You — hope so? Don't you know?
I thought — that you were sure of things?
Jeanne.— I am —

Quite sure that I will come back,— if — I can.
(*To* DURAND.) Uncle, how can I thank you? You have been
My sure support. Our God will bless you for it.
Durand.— Nay, Jeanne, 'tis you have strengthened me. Your faith
Has been our sure support. God bless you, dear!
Jeanne (*to* BAUDRICOURT).— My Captain, I am greatly in your debt.
But for your goodness, I might even now
Be on the road alone, without a guide,
With none but God and God's high saints to lead
And care for me.
Baudricourt.— Would you go so?
Jeanne.— I would!
Jean.— 'Twas what she told me, Captain: she would go
On foot to find the King if so she must!
Baudricourt.— Our France needs men like you!
(*The Angelus rings from the church.*)
Jeanne.— The Angelus!
God's benediction on our journey! Pray!
Pray, all of you!
(JEANNE, CATHERINE, *and the maid, with* DURAND, *kneel. The others stand with bowed heads. There is no sound save the measured reverberation of the bell. As the last stroke dies away, the kneelers rise.*)
Jeanne.— We must be off! Come on!
(*Throwing her arms about* CATHERINE.)
God bless you, dear,— the mother of my soul!
Catherine.— God keep you, Jeanne,— his instrument!
Maid.— Good by,
Dear Jeanne!
Jeanne (*kissing her again*).— Good by, dear!
Maid.— You'll come back?
Jeanne.— Some day.
(JEAN *and* BERTRAND *stand ready.* JEAN *takes the saddle-bags over his arm.* JEANNE *stands between them, with a hand on the shoulder of each.*)
Jeanne.— My two strong men! God has been good to me!
Baudricourt.— I know them. You can trust them!
Jeanne.— That I can!
Baudricourt.— Go! Go! And come what may!
Jeanne.— Come on! Come on!
(BAUDRICOURT *leads the way out.* JEAN *and* BERTRAND *come next, and* DURAND, *perceiving that* JEANNE *wishes to linger a moment, motions*

HENRI *out and follows him.* JEANNE *comes to the door with* CATHERINE *and the maid, who go out.* JEANNE *steps back to the Crucifix for a moment of prayer, then goes out, turning for a lingering survey of the room,— a quick, silent farewell to private life.*)

Voices outside.—There, up with you!

They'll meet us at the gate.

All ready?

Aye!

We're off!

Good luck to you!

God bless you!

—— bless you!

Good by, Jeanne!

Good by!

Good by!

Good by!

Good by!

They're gone.

Good by!

(*The room remains empty. For the first time it appears that the twilight has fallen. There is a whole minute of silence, then, with no warning, there sounds from the castle the splendid song of trumpets, mellowed by the distance. It is the assembly, and the song of deliverance for France.*)

Curtain

HORACE'S SATIRE, I, ix

Translated into English quantitative hexameters

By Thomas Ewing, Jr.

STROLLING along *Via Sacra* as with me is a custom,
Thinking upon trifles, absorbed in keen cogitation,
I ran across a fellow whose name I barely remembered,
And, my hand being seized, 'How fares my choice among all things?'
'Cheerfully, as times are,' quoth I, 'and your ready servant.'
Feeling him still atow, 'What more?' I ask, to detach him.
'You know us,' said he, 'for we're a savant.' 'That attracts me
Strongly to you,' said I. Perishing to be freed of the nuisance,
I hurry, then stop awhile; in the ear of my body servant
Whisper a word, anything; with sweat running off to the ankles.
Then how keenly, Bolane, the heat of thy huffy temper
I envied, sulking; whilst he, in an endless effusion
Was rattling on with praise of the streets, city. As not an answer
Would I deign to bestow, he exclaimed, 'You long to escape me.
'This was clear at the start. Never hope! I'll faithfully serve you;
I mean here and now to follow you.' 'How can it aid you
So to follow? I call on a friend, one down of an illness,
Over Tiber, against Cæsar's gardens; you're not acquainted.'
'I'm not occupied, and at a walk good; I will attend you.'
I lay back my ears as a peevish jade of a donkey
Feeling too big a burden upon her.
He got a fresh start.
'I know for myself not Viscus nor Varius you'd
Deem any more of a friend. For who, at the writing of verses,
Rivals me in number or ease; and who at a dance is
Featlier? In song I fill Hermogenes full of envy.'
Here I slipped in a word edgewise: 'Have you not a mother,
Or some near relative to regard you?' 'No, not a person.
'They all lie at rest.' 'Happy ones! I only remain then.
So end me also; for my sad fate is upon me,
Just as a Sabine witch foretold whilst I was an infant:

" This boy not poison dire, nor a sword shall bring to destruction,
Pleurisy, consumption, nor gout that makes many men limp;
Some fine day a braggart must end him; wherefore a blow-hard
He if wise will avoid, when he has passed adolescence.' "

We were come to the temple of Vesta, half of the morning
Stolen away. Then he was held with a bond for appearance
In court, and, failing, must be completely defeated.
' If you love, aid me,' he cried. ' My life is a forfeit,
If the statutes I know, or a form for addressing a prætor.
I hurry, you know where.' Said he, ' I'm painfully weighing
Which to renounce, my cause or you.' ' Me! ' ' Not for a moment,'
He said, stalking along; whilst I (as a tug with a captor
Is never easy), follow.
' How does Mæcenas affect you ? '
He opens up again. ' Makes few friends, shrewdly selected.
Nobody so turns luck to account. As your coadjutor
I'd be great, able to second your claim to preferment.
Only bring us together, from that day I am assured you'd
Brush any rival aside.' ' But we live lives very unlike
What you plainly assure. No household's freer of envy;
'Tis rid of all intrigue. It annoys not me if a comrade
Surpass me in wealth or learning, since to his own place
Each is assigned.' ' Immense! 'Tis scarcely believable.' ' And yet
So 'tis.' ' You but fan the desire I felt to be stationed
Snugly beside him.' ' A wish is enough; your worthiness only
Would carry him by storm. He's easily taken a captive.
That's why he's difficult of approach.' ' I'll not let a chance slip.
I'll bribe his servants at the doorway; barred of an entrance
One day go another, nor cease not seeking occasions;
Watch at the street-crossings to follow him. Life to a mortal
Yields no bounty without great labor.'
Lo, at the moment
Fuscus Aristius encounters us, a friend very dear, who
Knew the fellow well enough. We stop to salute. ' Whither onward '
And ' Whence come,' we ask in a breath. I jerk at a coat sleeve,
And pinch his limp arm that lifeless hangs; then a-winking
I begin and a-nodding that he save me, but the jester
Laughing affects not to note. My bile wells hotly within me.
' There's some private affair (though I don't clearly recall what)

You said you'd discuss.' 'Quite true; but wait for a season.
Here's a sabbath which falls on a thirtieth day with a new moon.
Would'st to the circumcised Jew offer affront?' 'Not a scruple
Hampers me,' quoth I. 'But me, I'm flatly a weakling.
So pray excuse me for a time.' 'How blackly the day broke
For me this morning!' The sinner forthwith fled away and
Left me prone to the knife.

As luck would have it the plaintiff
Meets us who thunders: 'Now where thou rascally caitiff?'
And, 'Witness for me at the court?' I gladly assenting
Turn my ear to be touched. Off they scuffle. All is in uproar.
Crowds run about every way.

Apollo had come to the rescue.

THE SONGS OF NAPLES

By Thomas D. Bergen

WHEN John Evelyn passed through the Elysian Fields 'so celebrated by the Poetes,' as he says,' nor unworthily for their situation and verdure being full of myrtils, lentisc, bayes, and sweet shrubs and having a most delighful prospect toward the Tyrrhene Sea'; he further observed that the Phloegrean Fields form one of the most 'delicious plaines in the world; the oranges, lemons, pomegranads, and other fruits, blushing yet on the perpetually greene trees; for the summer is here eternal. They are certainly places of uncommon amoenitie, as their yet tempting site and other circumstances of natural curiosities easily invite me to believe, since there is not in the world so many stupendous rarities to be met with as in the circle of a few miles which environ these blissful aboades.' He concludes these remarks by declaring that the 'country-people are so jovial and addicted to music, that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and composing songs in prayse of their sweethearts, and will commonly go to the fields with their fiddle; they are merry, witty, and genial all of which I attribute to the excellent quality of the air.'

A few years before Evelyn visited Italy (in 1644) an Eastern traveler, Pietro della Valle wrote as follows concerning one of the most alluring figures of seventeenth century Naples,—

'Whoever has seen or heard, as I have, Signora Adriana in her youthful years, with that beauty which all the world knows of, sitting among the nets on the seashore at Posilipo, with her gilded harp in her hand, must needs confess that even in our times there are sirens on these shores; but beneficent sirens, adorned with beauty as well as virtue, and not, like the ancient ones, malevolent and man-killing.' She was always known as La bella Adriana. Born on the Posilipo, in 1580, sister of the Neapolitan Boccaccio, G. B. Basile (whose delightful tales form the chief literary monument of his native dialect), this sunny-haired mistress of the harp, lute, and the oboe, at an early age enchained all hearts alike by the sweetness of her voice and by her gentle spirit. Poets and nobles vied with each other in composing sonnets and madrigals in her honor. A daughter of hers, born at Mantua, where she was living with her husband at the court of Vincenzo Gonzaga, was named Leonora, best known, however, among her intimates as l'Adrianella.

She it was whom Milton so greatly admired during his stay at Rome where he met her at the musical court that she held there. The early days of La bella Adriana were passed at Naples, where we may fancy her in dalliance singing under her cool pergolas or in the felucca of the Carafa, pleasuring up and down the bay from Santa Lucia to Mergellina, as was then the universal wont of the aristocracy. One recalls the glorious afternoons when the velvety flanks of Vesuvius stand out in rich relief against the hills of Nola and the Neapolitan Apennines. We see Sorrento in a saffron haze nestling among its orangeries and its luminous olive orchards shimmering in the perlaceous distance; and the glaucous wavelets run in to shore before the sunset breeze with sparkling and tremulous laughter. The air holds evanescent whiffs of spicy clove pinks wafted down from terraced Posilipan herbaries. By mid-January the entire hillside glows with the rosy flush of almonds in bloom, and in February the laggard almond flame fades when peaches and apricots begin to blow. This is a familiar setting for the open air music that so completely permeates Naples.

Guess as veraciously as we may we are not historically aware much before La bella Adriana's day of this innate and imperious love of music that sways Neapolitans of all degree from the noble lady at her harp or lute to the Pan-like lad fluting away upon his syrinx, as in the old Theocritan days. Gentle and simple alike these quintescentally gay people are now little less enthralled than Evelyn's husbandman, whose remote agrestic descendant I have often met in my walks afield about the herby slopes of Falernus, busy with a handmade flute while his straying herd cropped the sparse clumps of golden broom. What have very appositely been called ' these buttercup motifs ' hold for some of us a more lasting allure than the statliest music heard at courts; and there are to my mind certain pageants that lose none of their delicate appeal to the imaginative senses because they are humble and ungilded, because healths are drunk out of rudely painted loving cups of flimsy majolica instead of from myrrhine beakers. Under the half shade spread by a holm oak, or in the carmine afterglow before fireflies rise to taper the dusk, the grimy goatherd pipes industriously, all unconscious of his art, with only a crust of bread and a wage of a franc each month. Perhaps our little Phloegrean flutist has heard a few of the more popular airs. His ear may not recall all the notes; and one finds that instinctively he has filled in the vacant intervals by others, which, far from clashing, are usually harmonious graftings upon the original stock. Even in the myriad cases where improvisation proper does not occur the vocal rendering of reckless dithyrambs composed by Neapolitans makes its own personal appeal; so that, after all, though the words be those of the cleverly intuitive bards of

to-day (Salvatore di Giacomo or Ferdinando Russo) and the music be composed by contemporary authors, still one never misses the quaver of unmistakably barbaric pathos which is almost the sole inheritance of our little goatherd. Perhaps the chief charm of these glad Cyrenaics is this curiously blended mood woven in and out with strangely assorting threads.

What one means when he speaks of the charm of Naples is not at all a quality communicable through the medium of a half hour spent in listening to a score of ragged urchins singing between their divings for coppers before the newly arrived foreigner who looks complacently down from the deck of a liner that is being slowly warped to her berth amid the wheezy din of an accordion played in a bumboat at the vessel's side, the snorting of whistles, crepitating anchor chains, and the uproar of stewards pulling luggage about from pillar to post with frantic energy. The flashing figures of a tarantella danced by professionals in a hotel lobby at Naples or Sorrento cannot adequately interpret what I fancy constitutes the permanent fascination of Neapolitan life. Several years of close contact with the various strata of society there leads me to look askance at most of the jejune, nugatory impressions of the place and its people,— those journalistic gushings which English and Americans commonly chronicle. For him who chooses to absent himself from his hotel for a bit there is a Naples by day so joyous and full of life, so noisy, so variegated that the appreciative rambler could hardly imagine crepuscular and nocturnal Naples to be even fuller of appeal to his every sense of color and of sound. The latter is a far more mysterious and compelling place than is its diurnal self. Redolent of the sort of thing which we associate with the Arabian Nights, it is vividly Levantine, un-Italian, un-European. Every typical quality such as squalor and vice, the sordid destitution of the wretcheder quarters, as well as the splendor and luxury of the patrician precincts,— all these chiefer characteristics stand out in sharper relief by night than by day. Not until he has made Naples his familiar, not until he has leisurely haunted the *café* of all degrees from that pivotal rallying ground of the gilded youth and foreign element about town — Gambrinus Halle — to the tiny room areek with smoke that cuts the throat of any one not an *habitué*, is one a fit reporter of the local manners and customs. In the latter resort, the *clientele* of cabbies, butlers, gamesters, butchers, hatters, jolly tars, and the like, the stranger finds a predominantly musical note; and on every side he is hemmed in by it. Just across the piazza one makes out the unending line of carriages drawn up as near to San Carlo as they can be crowded; and while their masters and mistresses are applauding a first night of Puccini's Madame Butterfly (let us say) the coachmen come together in social knots to discuss servant hall gossip

as they sip cups of bitter coffee. Then some of them adjourn to the cellar-like Fenice hard by, where they will listen to an act or two of a sprightly burletta or to the macabre ditties of Maldacea or to Gennaro Pasquariello or Peppino Villani in their irresistibly droll, half-topical, half-sentimental songs in dialect. If, now, you turn down some obscure alley you will inevitably find yourself before long on a squat, rush-bottomed chair just within the door of a tiny wineshop. Here you may eat with satisfaction a steaming plate of spaghetti crowned by its scarlet sauce, and a plate of fumy *stufato*. You linger over this and a 'Mezzo rosso' or a bottle of Malmsey or amber Velletri as there drop in all sorts and conditions of people to eat, drink, and enjoy the singing of some Gitana-like Peppine or Margheri accompanied by a mandolin-playing brother or two. When she takes the saucer about for coppers she smilingly asks whether there is any favorite song that you would like her to sing. I found that upon all such occasions an unfailing open sesame to the popular repertory was to ask for a very old air called 'La Palommella Rossa,' which is woven in and out of the scenes of the most delightful Neapolitan comedy known to me. Not infrequently one or more of those at table join in the choruses; and late one evening after the performance, the first violin of a certain theater at the request of a few of us accompanied a girl's voice through several of the better known melodies. Then the rest of the orchestra fell in with our enthusiasm and joined in the accompaniment. How well one visualizes the cramped pit, the wee boxes, and the ridiculously diminutive stage! Banishing from our mind's eye all our customary and conventional pictures of the snug Santa Lucia, and its waterfront laid out in trig closes and topiarian parterres about palatial caravanseries, again we call up the marinorama painted on the drop curtain before which she sang,— a typical scene representing the waterfront from the shipping and pharos as far as the old Santa Lucia of beloved though unsanitary days. Behind looms in the violescent haze of an August night the din and shadowy bulk of Vesuvius, rosy-tipped at the crater's lip, and over its Pompeian flank a full harvest moon slowly sailing up into the mellow air. Again we hear the melodious scraping of the violins, the bass voice of the viol, the piping of a flute, the shrilling of a fife, and occasionally the plangent boom of a big drum. But let us look at the real scene. From the mole, jutting into the open roadstead, one enjoys a parti-colored myriorama of like extension all along the shore. A very forest of masts wave to and fro in the tar-drenched air of the *porto piccolo*. The coastwise craft that we see dancing over the waters of the opalescent bay gather here to discharge cargo, to load or to take refuge from persistent siroccos and occasional offshore blows. Xebecs, smacks, ponderous *barconi*, luggers of laten

rig, dapper sloops, battered *polacche*, stubby *tartane*, trig *martingane* creak and strain against each other on the oily, livid swash of the inner harbor beneath the *cielo ridente* that we love so well. Puffs of thin air blow away the tarry stenches of the port and we get whiffs of melrose and other fragrances from the green, garden-dappled hillsides and rosaries up above. Men and women, boys and girls, in all manner of dress and undress, are occupied in doing everything from steeving to pitching pennies at a crack, from hanging out the family wash to singing and dancing like the true corybants they are as an outward-bound steamer pushes its nose around the mole. We cannot think of these gay unfortunates,— navvies, thimble-riggers, vagabonds, tatterdemalions, lazzaroni, what you will — without seeing how necessary a part of the picture they are and have been from those distant Italiote days as far back of the Roman days as we are from Tiberius himself. The Phoenician galleys and caravels once filled up the inner basin and were uncargoed by as rakish and dusky a band as that which we see there to-day; or tacked back and forth across the gulf; or drowsed listlessly becalmed,—

'The poppied sails dozed on the yard'

then as now. The cittern and pandoura of those days kept the time for their pyrrhic dances on the Parthenopean littoral in just as sad-sweet barbaresque measure as banjo, guitar, mandolin to-day

'In April's ivory moonlight beneath the chestnut shade'

keep that of breakdown or saràband, saltarello or Provençal rigadoon or farandolle, sesquidilla, tango or malagueña. Then as now the air was full of dulcifluous music and of algal and spicy and sulphurous odors. Amphorae and barilets were ready broached two thousand years ago by lovers of the nutty Vesuvian and Phloegrean vintages. Vendors, quacks, singers, saltimbancos, itinerants, and traffickers of every imaginable profession for long ages thronged up and down the crenulations of the shore from the islet of Megaris (now crowned by the ruinous Castel dell' Ovo) to the site now occupied by the church wherein the Amalfitan Masaniello was cut off from further obstructing the march of Spanish usurpation. The same amethystine dawns come out from behind Vesuvius; the same golden noons wrap sea and shore in a weft of iridescent gossamer: the same sunsets lie upon those hills and upon the translucent bay in all their glory of umbery gold and tinctured grain of pomegranate: the same nights unfold, now moonless and starshot, now bathed in light so that from Sorrento to Ischia, from Capri to Posilipo the water is one pulsating shield of silver; 'that magic clair de lune of Verlain's, shimmerings of pallid light upon the marble gods and goddesses in the sleeping silence of the starproof trees,' drenched with the scent of lemon bloom;

'The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone
That makes to dream the birds upon the tree
And in their polished basins of white stone
The fountains tall to sob with ecstacy.'

There are the *café's* that we recall scattered all over the city, most of them tucked away in lurid nooks primevally steeped in a fetid and malefic atmosphere of gray, steamy light. But they are not all of this sort; and one which always holds an intimate place in the recollection of one who knows it well, is an almost ideal resort except in the din of winter when the nacreous spindrift flies from the manes of the cavalloni in at the window. This is the *Café delle Sirene*. Its deep-bowered pergola rises from the water just below the somber, romantic pile known as the Castel Donn' Anna, the alga-green steps of which are swept by the purling eddies of the sea itself. By day it is merely a beautiful ruin which the sun gilds so that it becomes a chryselephantine landmark to the fisherboats. But by night it looks up a mountain of blackness washed by the phosphorescent wavelets beneath. When the wind is in the south the swell floods into the cavern of the sub-structure with an amphoric, canorous boom that wellnigh smothers the mandolins at our side.

However, we know it best in mid-May when myriad fireflies begin to glint along the hedgerows with their elfin lamps and in the graperies of Posilipo; and when the only sounds beside the pulsing sweep of the water about the phantom-like Castello or the savage croonings of a vinedresser returning late from work or the quavering refrain of a fisherman whose boat rises and falls in the corruscant glare of the cresset at the prow. The harmony of nature, land, and water seems here to be complete. It is a place of dreams. A prose poet justly said, 'The sea at Posilipo is that which God made for poets, for dreamers, for lovers of that ideal which informs and transmutes existence. When God made us our fair gulf, listen to what the sacrilegious legend said,— "Be glad for that which is given thee; and if thou canst not be, die beneath the seagreen waves." '

This, then, is the place to hear our songs; and midway in one's dinner two men appear from some sort of 'umbrageous grot or cave of cool recess o'er which the mantling vine lays forth her purple grape.' One is ungainly, stout, and quite blind; but when he smiles you are reassured. The other is a vinegary soul, an accompanist on the guitar who passes a grimy plate at discreet intervals. Our old blind man usually toddles up to the parapet just over the water and thrums his mandolin for some moments. I never heard a melodist of his standing put the truly pathematic feeling into his music that my old blind man does when, facing out to sea, he gives song

after song of those for which we care the most. He has just the amount of tremulous regret in his notes that is in all south European popular music. The tearless pathos of his '*O Sole Mio*' is one of the most unforgettable joys of one's ramblings throughout this region which has for so many centuries held captive the sympathies of its chief visitors. Serenades and barcarolles world without end as well as the simpler loge lays and canzonets would he give ranging in point of time all the way from the classic '*Fenesta che lucive*' to the '*Napulitana*' and the '*Nannina Bella*,' which for depth of lyric emotion seem to me unsurpassed among the whole congeries of roundelays, chansons, virelays, canzonette, or canciones. Is it any wonder that Salvator Rosa made this music as popular in Rome as he did his irresistible impersonations of impromptu roles,— music that entices an unconditional response from the listener, be he ever so phlegmatic?

I never forget what Oliver Yorke says by way of preface to the unique medley of wisdom and wit, Father Prout's pages on the songs of Italy. In direct reference to these enchanting distillations of melody we are told how fond he was of ballad singing, how he had 'in his youth visited almost every part of the continent and had made the songs of each country the subject of a most diligent investigation.' Therefore 'he visited all Europe,' to use Edmund Burke's words, 'not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or to collate manuscripts,— but to pick up the popular tunes and make a collection of song books; to cull from the minstrelsy of the cottage and select from the bacchanalian jovialities of the vintage; to compare and collate the Tipperary bagpipe with the Cremona fiddle; to remember the forgotten and attend to the neglected ballads of foreign nations, and to blend in one harmonious system the traditionary songs of all men in all countries. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of melody.'

So true is it that the gay fanfare of life as experienced by these passionate victims of uncalm is best mirrored in their songs that to hear, for example, '*Nun mi Guardate Chiù*,' or '*Uocchie che raggiunate*' sung as I used to hear them under the following circumstances was in itself worth whole chapters a historian of psychological bent might compose in interpreting the Parthenopesque temperament. In the office where I used to be there was a counting-room in the rear of the main one. It was lighted by only one window that opened directly upon an inner, rather dingy courtyard. The ample balcony of the adjacent apartment, dwelt in by a laundress, hung over this courtyard; and one day our youngest clerk whistled to attract the notice of one of the girls who was singing over her tub that lilting tune, '*A Lavannara de' Antignano*.' The youth was a count of a very fine family

whom we all petted because of his naïve way of initiating himself into his duties by running errands with lavender-tinted gloves, magnificent stick, irreproachable hats, and suits from the royal tailor. His wheedling whistle made the girl with peachblow in her cheeks look over the parapet of the balcony and from my unseen coign of vantage I heard what words passed between them. The industrious apprentice elicited the facts that her name was Margherita, and that at certain hours her mistress was out of the house. This gave young Otto a chance nearly every day when the office was quite empty at the lunch hour to sing duets with her of the lustrous and patulous eyes with a verve and grace that I have seldom heard equaled, and, surely, never before attempted under like conditions! Their voices were wonderfully matched and for weeks I enjoyed (and they, too, quite as much) a feast of all the blithest canzoni. One can recall few scenes more simply joyous and full of charm than that of the stripling aristocrat with the saracenically beautiful *lavannara* artlessly carolling away, regardless of cheque-cashing or suds.

One long wonted to these tuneful occasions could with ease multiply instances. For example, one might try to call up the midsummer nights at Anacapri, where one shared in dancing and singing under the moon and in full view of the myriad twinkling lights of Naples with her sister suburbs. The baker's son, the barber's son, the chemist's son, and the son and daughter of every one else in that unspoiled community were gathered together. There would be instruments in plenty, two or three violins, a guitar or so, a few mandolins, and an old woman in the background to stamp time and flash the castanets or thwack the ribboned tambourine. Those were halycon revels, prolonged until the sea breeze fluttered through the crisp tendrilled vineyard and the canescent bay below us became wrapped in the blottesque mists of daybreak. Then there was the merry coterie of operatives in an English armor-plate foundry near Naples. Their day's work done, they would gladly visit one's house and pass the evening in singing and playing with admirable taste and keen brio. This was, of course, for the love of the music. No people are more spontaneously generous than the Latins; and if instances to the contrary come to mind one must attribute them to some especial lack of tact or to the pinch of poverty which is nearly always upon these meridional folk. This recalls an evening in the Cascine at Florence near which a friend and I one superb evening were strolling after dinner. Before a hotel we met two roving musicians. Of them one sung in a thin but remarkably sympathetic voice. The other played a weird little flute. I asked them to come with us and we took them to the far end of the Cascine where we made them go through their whole repertory with frequent repetitions of favorite airs. When they were quite throat weary,

in the gathering Arno mist we gave them a sum as large to them as it was small compared with the pleasure they had given us. When we refused to let them return to us some of the money they asked us to a wineshop to drink with them.

The somewhat wistful and tenuous *rispetti* and *strambotti* and *stornelli* of Tuscany do not more truly interpret the normal spirit of the genial silvans and simple vintagers of the north region. The Neapolitan canzoni breathe a sunnier, fierier passion, a more potent witchery than that which we feel in the threadier Tuscan melodies which we hear in the tiny wineshops of Arezzo or of the Casentino. In Tuscany they trillingly sing of the flax, of the lily, in Naples they rhapsodize pomegranate flowers and the moon-kissed waves curling at the feet of Posilipo. The songs of the South throb with a sense of intense joy and of intense grief; and so boundingly kaleidoscopic are the expressions of passion in them that one is carried quite out of himself.

There is a place where a slanting road winds a few miles out of upper Naples to the Monastery of Camaldoli. At the city's edge one passed where he

> Vedea composti in fila li alberelli
> sul cielo azzurro come il fior di lino,
> dritti, con rari fogliem e lunghi e snelli,
> quali eran cari a Pietro Perugino.

'Saw avenued in rows the little trees, the sky between azure as flower of flax, wandlike, few-leaved, and slender quite,— the kind to Perugino specially dear.' Part of this prospect was prosaically placed into corded areas for clothes which were being washed and wrung and hung to dry amid a chorus of airs broken only by lapses into story-telling. Naturally enough the 'Lavannara de' Antignano' is a great favorite on the site of its birth where it has already become a classic. The mercurial traits which most result in alienating one from Neapolitans in every walk of life the longer he knows them only serve the more to instill their songs and themselves when singing them with a poetry alike genuine and convincing. And I think that these light-hearted gluttons, victims of a life replete with trickeries, picaresque quixotries, flamboyancy, prandiolotry, trivialism, sensuousness, scandalmongering, grotesquery, and thrasonical puppetries and harlequinades of a thousand sorts, and amazing and inordinate love of Goliardy, and native humors exhibited in numberless more or less repulsive and rococo ways,— that they themselves, I say, for that moment or hour of song quite cast aside their sordid, inglorious, animalistic selves and become for that blithe interval as joyous embodiments of poetry as one can imagine.